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The Pulse of Modernity
The American Scene

PERHAPS nothing so clearly reflects the superficiality of the American mind as present politics. In the presidential campaigns this year, this superficiality is tragically conspicuous. With the dominant parties there are no significant issues at stake, and with the minor parties what issues there are have been either weakened by compromise or obscured by an unfortunate, although courageous, denial and defiance of reality. Nowhere is there light or hope. The radical movements of Europe have little meaning or application on American soil. American radicals are isolated from the American scene.

The contest between Hoover and Smith is meaningless except as a circus of platitudes, one more inane and hopeless than the other. Challenge and myth are created out of differences more imaginary than actual, even in their superficial deviations. Thus Hoover becomes the apostle of prosperity, high tariff, and bugetized government, while Smith becomes the advocate of alcohol, democracy and clean politics—as if politics were ever clean! The Republican party, despite its Teapot Dome fiasco, has a traditional superiority over the Democratic, which has been upset only upon occasions of singular crisis. Despite the popularity of Smith, this election does not promise to be singular in that respect. There is no arresting crisis —no split in parties, no tremendous issue. For whatever gains Smith may make in one direction, he is likely to lose them in another. The solid South, for instance, may actually be destroyed. The press of the country is still dominantly Republican. The radio, in divers ways, is controlled more by the Republican party or its delegates than by any other. On the whole, public opinion is more neatly directed and influenced by the Republican party than by the Democrats. The power exerted upon public opinion by the Socialist party, Workers' party, and Socialist Labor party combined is almost as inconsequential as their vote.

In the fury of excitement that accompanied the nomination of Smith, and the artificial glamour that has been thrown about him by his votaries in the present campaign, an extremely important angle of American philosophy is revealed. After all is said, it is not Smith's stand against the Volstead Act that is most decisively in his favor. Many of Smith's followers regret his position in this particular. Besides, his capacity even as President to effect a revision in a national amendment unless he has national support is obviously negligible. The problem is deeper-rooted than that. On the other hand, it is Smith's appeal to the common man, his exuberantly democratic attitude, his everydayish, anti-intellectual outlook, with its contempt for books and wisdom more modern than the

medieval, his tendency to a camaraderie with the plebians that extends itself in that expansive smile and handshake which have now become so familiar—it is this appeal, this outlook, this contempt, this camaraderie that explain Smith's exceptional rise in popular favor. Nevertheless, it is not the plebians who pay for Mr. Smith's campaign and it will not be to the plebians, in the final analysis, that Mr. Smith will turn for aid in the direction of the government if he be elected. Nevertheless, the plebians accept him as an avatar of their cause. And the intellectuals, too overwhelmed by their continuous encounter with the American scene, surrender to the same stupidity. For them Smith becomes the embodiment either of a certain colorfulness and rough, untutored charm, or an expression of a liberalism that promises change through reform. They have been as easily deceived—because they wanted more to be deceived—as the plebians.

And what is behind this Smith myth that is so significant and revealing of our culture? Al Smith is representative of the frontier spirit in American life. He continues, in contemporary form, the Jacksonian tradition. He typifies the conquest of the frontier attitude over the New England and the Southern. He expresses the anti-intellectualism of the frontiersman, the crude democracy of his life, his disdain for culture, and abhorrence of the exquisite in his exaltation of the useful and practical; he embodies the highly charged individualism of those days when the frontier and almost two-thirds of the American nation necessitated, by its very looseness and disorganization, the development of such an attitude and outlook. In *Innocents Abroad* we have this philosophy manifested in literature. In the poetry of Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, the fiction of Bret Harte, and the humor of Artemus Ward this same spirit is in striking evidence. While the frontier has been geographically closed, its psychological influence lingers in dynamic form. Its individualism still hangs on as one of the great deceptions of American life. Even Horace Greeley's *Go West, Young Man,* has not entirely perished as an inspiring illusion for certain segments of the younger generation. This frontier attitude, which once had a meaning that sprang from the very roots of American soil, is now as fundamentally unrelated to our economic life, agrarian as well as urban, as an oxcart is to modern machinery. Notwithstanding that, its psychological power is undiminished. Continuing as a cultural lag, it acts as an excellent deception in politics and religion, and can be used as an apt defense of our economic order of existence. Its anachronism is obscured and hidden by platitude. Smith's popularity is dependent upon the continuation of that attitude. Smith is a man of the people. He is no intellectual. He believes in all the superstitions of the ordinary man. He has not been confused by culture. He has no time for books. The Bible is good enough for him. He is no professor, like Wilson. He does not beguile the populace

by an ornate and flowery dictum. He is not even as intellectually pretentious as Gene Tunney. He is a modern frontiersman, living in New York, who offers to fulfill the wish-craving of the lowest proletarian by making him believe that he is as individually free today to live and achieve as he was in the nineteenth century.

There is involved in this terrific disparity between illusion and reality, this confusion of the centuries into the convergence of a platitude, a profound indictment of our civilization. We allow to continue, and by approving in the childish manner of Mr. Croly and Mr. Villard to deplorable emphasis, an attitude in political life that is as absurd as the miracles which we long ago deserted in religion. We have gotten beyond the society in which individualism had a place and function, and been inevitably thrust into an industrial world in which the freedom and initiative of, as well as the opportunity open to, the individual have become increasingly less and less. It is only in those upper groups today, in close touch with the controlling destinies of our economic order, that the chance for individual achievement still remains a reality. With the masses, petty-bourgeois as well as proletarian, that reality has long ago become nothing more than a myth. Since the war, for instance, the race of American industry and business toward centralization has been nothing short of miraculous. We are already rapidly approaching the era of one Big Bank. In the face of these clear, candid facts, the belief that liberals place in Smith, or in any individual, and his capacity to change the course of things, is sheer fatuity. Smith can do no more than Hoover in an economic world that is as inexorable in its various growths and evolutions as our own. Political statutes could not prevent the organization of trusts, and no individual, however exalted his position, can alter the direction of economic and industrial processes. Today this has become an elementary truth. No intelligent sociologist or economist would deny it. Yet our intellectuals and our proletarians are trying to live upon nineteenth century ideas in the twentieth century.

In the three parties that are dedicated to the cause of the workers there are at least more clarity and deeper conviction. Nonetheless, these parties are so thoroughly ineffectual that their existence has little bearing upon any situation at all. The Socialist party, the largest of the three in number, has acquired whatever publicity or pseudo-prestige that it has through the adoption of tactics that are in line with the strategy of the capitalistic parties. In eliminating the issue of the class-struggle from its platform it has made an adaptation to the American milieu which stultifies its own name and tradition. Norman Thomas, its candidate, has consumed more of his time attacking Al Smith than in propounding socialism. The cause of Thomas, in the eyes of many of his followers, has become synonymous with a fight for "clean politics." W. E. Woodward, for instance, author of *Bunk,* argues that those of us who are

disgusted with the dirty politics of the old parties should vote for Norman Thomas in order to assure "clean politics" as the prevailing habit of government. Further than that, he comforts his confreres with the remark, that the Socialist party has now become respectable, and the unpleasant proximity of crude proletarians is now no longer an annoyance within its ranks. In other words, the Socialist party has deserted its old radicalism and become a left wing liberal party. Its fight for socialism has obviously become secondary to political strategy—votes mean more for it now than convictions.

In Verne L. Reynolds and William Z. Foster, the respective candidates of the Socialist Labor party and the Workers' party, we have men and parties whose devotion to the workers is unquestionable, but whose appeal is limited to the infinitesimal. There is no pussyfooting or surrender in their camps, but neither is there stirring strength nor power. With the future destiny of society charted out in inevitable diagram, Mr. Reynolds speaks more as a romanticist than a realist. The relationship of his ideas to the American scene is extremely remote. In fact, the inactivity of his own party in the labor struggle of today is incontestable proof of the remoteness of its program from reality. It is only in the case of William Z. Foster that we find a man who combines an actual proletarian background with a contemporary activity in the labor movement. It is only the courageous intelligence of such men as Foster that keeps alive something of the proletarian fight and struggle which must eventually challenge our civilization.

Yet with all that, Foster too is misplaced in the American scene. His cry is ineffectual—in a sense, we may even say beautifully ineffectual. Mistaken tactics, errors in vision, damaging precocities of program, stupid miscalculations of background and psychological motivation on the part of his party—all these unfortunately, allied with the general backwardness of the American proletariat, have tended to isolate Mr. Foster from any power or influence. The American masses are unmoved by his challenge. No one is moved but his own followers.

Nevertheless, with changes in parties, and a winnowing out of old leaderships and old dogmas, it is to such men as Foster that we shall have to look for future challenge in advance.

The Treason of the Intellectuals

THERE was a great war once. And shell-shock.

Among the worst cases of shell-shock may be reckoned casualties among the intelligentsia. This neurasthenia and exhaustion psychosis among the intellectuals deserve (and will ultimately receive) a keen chapter in psychopathology all by its clarifying self.

The failure of ideals, liberal and radical; the dirty degradation of the soul of man in the war; the incredible vile indecency of the so-

called peace; the graphic disintegration of everything subtle and fine in human nature under the bombardment of disillusionment and disenchantment; the sudden wild realization of surviving youth, broken-hearted, that death is the one true reality in the living universe; the sensual distraction and release of bodies in the unbearable presence of problems too baffling for minds to solve; the red efflorescense of the Jazz Age, an emotional debauch of overgrown children tortured by death infesting life and life embracing death;—all these profoundly human and maddeningly pathological influences, belched forth by the Great War and its aftermath, tell the tale of a frustration and neurasthenic defeat and neurotic malaise that underlie contemporary civilization so poignantly.

The key to the sick pusillanimity of our intellectuals during these disintegrating years is the mind's flight from reality into cynicism and mysticism and verbalism (depending upon one's temperament and previous condition of spiritual servitude) we discover everywhere now. In America the cowardice of the intellectuals has reached a point of shameful candor that history will take a due cognizance of in its future narrative of the bankruptcy of liberalism in this land of fads and fakers and frustrates.

The loving and most nauseating adoration of Blind Alley Smith by our intellectuals is the most recent vivid evidence of that cerebral exhaustion psychosis I have already alluded to as the neurotic by-product of the heart-break engendered by the disillusionment of the great war and the disenchantment with the great peace.

Herbert Croly, that perfect Christian hyprocrite, has used his Jesuitical powers of rationalization to prove to his own divided mind and to that of his half-hearted readers, that Al Smith is the hope of America—and the despair, no doubt, of the Catholic Church, Tammany Hall, practical shrewd politics, censorship of the drama, parochial schools, monasteries and nunneries, the infinite befuddling hocus-pocus of dogmatic religion, not to mention that ancient worship of all good politicians and true, the exhilarating lucrative pursuit of power, profit, and prestige!

Mr. Croly assures us that socialism is very excellent in theory. In fact, so excellent in theory is socialism that it were dangerous folly to try it out in practice. For, as the Scripture sayeth: Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Herbert Croly, the typical liberal, believes most devoutly in God and rah-rahs most lustily for Caesar. It is this unclean division in the liberal mind (particularly in America) that accounts for the degradation and impotence which now characterize liberalism in These States. To go on talking about a new society and always in every crisis backing the old order is the kind of ludicrous contradiction between thought and action which our intellectuals are not ashamed to be guilty of. These schlemiehls and schlemozels of the intellectual life!

How can fairly thoughtful minds

continue to live so long in a world of pretense? The deepest of their pretenses being their obviously disingenuous affection for reality.

Oswald Garrison Villard, too frequently guilty of those minor Freudian slips of memory during which he identifies himself with Jesus—though there is nothing in the historical record to indicate that the original and real Jesus moved among men of power and means nor that he was left an inheritance of millions of cosy dollars to comfort him in his last hours—is another of our pretty sick liberals always flirting with a pseudo-audacity with the deep realities of modern life, but somehow contriving at the twelfth hour to content himself with rhetoric and sentimental Christian appeals to the conscience of mankind, and feeble perorations like that. His position at present is a study in humorless wit. He is most highly honored (such temperaments seem always on the verge of being honored by something or other) by the fellowship of Norman Thomas, one of the absentee editors of *The Nation.* Nor will Villard deny that Norman Thomas is a fine kind of Socialist who stands for splendid things in the world (not, of course, including communism).

And yet, what is an innocent little liberal to do with his almost baffling free will in the presence of these momentous alternatives: Shall my soul cast its spiritual vote for Norman Thomas—or—for —Al Smith? In evasive refrain, the mushy-minded editor of *The Nation* can summon reasons, like his muddle-hearted confrère Herb Croly, why Al Smith may prove to be a very fine Socialist indeed, should progressive voters not see the necessity (in the year of our benighted intelligence, 1928),) for accepting that most revolutionary radical, Norm Thomas, as fit to be the president of this here country (of ours).

Let's not despair. The worst is yet to come. Why blame these spiritual drug fiends, these intellectual hasheesh artists, these rhetorical voluptuaries? They think themselves spiritually strong when they are only intellectually constipated.

"The power of the politician, in a democracy, depends upon his adopting the opinions which *seem* right to the average man. It is useless to urge that politicians ought to be high-minded enough to advocate what enlightened opinion considers good, because if they do they are swept aside for others. . . . There is therefore no point in moral exhortations to politicians to be disinterested, except in the crude sense of not taking bribes. . . . Moreover, since politicians are divided into rival groups, they aim at similarly dividing the nation, unless they have the good fortune to unite it in war against some other nation. They live by 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.' They cannot pay attention to anything difficult to explain, or to anything not involving division (either between nations or within the nation), or to anything that would diminish the power of politicians as a class."

This is not what Messrs. Croly and Villard & Company are telling us. They haven't enough realistic insight into the very ideals

they pretend to have at heart ever to know clearly what they are talking about. They not only lack lucidity but also integrity. They possess a certain rhetorical integrity, an endless repetitious use of noble words and phrases; they lack that fundamental integrity which counts the cost, sees raw reality in true perspective, stands generously by new potentialities, envisages an emerging world so vividly, so sincerely, as to be courageously certain of its general superiority to the contemporary scene. The words I quoted about the emptiness and charlatanism of politicians were written by Bertrand Russell who knows the meaning of political scepticism, as these American liberals but very feebly do.

Nathan and Mencken, the Mutt and Jeff of American literature, having battened, like the successful gourmands they are, through these troubled years, on the best that capitalism offers to its bright lackeys and shallow-hearted vaudevillians, "come out" for Al Smith (though, possessing free will and a rational choice in the matter, they might logically have come out for Herb Hoover, the difference being one between convexity and concavity in the field of politics), Nathan—one of the greatest students of politics that America can boast!—asserting that Al is "No shuffler and no hypocrite"; while Mencken, the supersalesman of the literary life, asserts with that deep insight which makes his thinking such a delight to college boys all over America, "I am for Al, up to and including the neck." I can't see why this judgment should not become an accepted criterion for the presidential office in the future. He incorrectly adds "He has the sort of experience that the Presidency needs, and he has the sort of courage and frankness that it needs even more."

Even Mr. Mencken knows that in these days, most especially, the Presidency needs incumbents possessed of social philosophy, international outlook and knowledge, deep acquaintance with economic and sociological forces, scholarship, scientific competence, a realistic and well-informed sense of the world situation. Al Smith has none of these. As for honesty and courage, Mencken himself has wearied us with his platitudes about the religious mind being cracked and untrustworthy, etc., etc. Mr. Mencken is for Al Smith for the very good and sufficient reason that Mencken himself is a politician.

Among the more painful surprises, the darker treasons among our intellectual and literary talents, is the puerile acceptance of Smith or Hoover by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Will Durant, and a curious little band of nice men and women who know nothing about politics (and care less), who are genuinely touched by the comedy and tragedy of life, and yet feel called upon to put their authentic humanity behind the candidacy of a mere vote-catching orator-politician. Pathetic surrender!

Miss Millay finds no cruel and humiliating contradiction between her poetical compassion for Sacco and Vanzetti, her intelligent in-

dictment of the system that could perpetrate so inhuman a wrong, and her easy acceptance of the social system, the capitalistic motivation, the shallow politician-view of life that are embodied in her candidate. Thoughtless young woman.

Waldo Frank writes an exquisite series of half-intelligible (though inspiring and thought-provoking) essays on "The Re-Discovery of America," and who is the new Columbus that his mystic America re-discovers? Al Smith! What fools these mortals be.

Waldo, self-intoxicated and excessively lyrical, writes this soothing nonsense about Blind Alley Smith: "Smith, however, is more than a political or economic standard bearer: he is a man. God knows that is a rare event in our politics! He is a man, instinctively, vividly, perhaps inspiredly, in touch with American life. With him our present and our future emerges again into the field of political action and America has the opportunity to replace the personified conventions that have ruled us since Lincoln. This rich, human quality of Smith—his natural contact with growing America, his own genius for growth and for action that inspires growth in others—seems to me so much more important today to us than any immediate economic issue that I find it my duty to break my rule of political non-co-operation and support him."

In a country that needs most urgently the corrective of communal fellowship, the liberating vision of the socialists and the anarchists and the communists, the radical courage to believe in profound amelioration of the common lot, in the re-fashioning of institutions to meet with the revolutionary content of the newer discoveries in the physical and social sciences, we find these puking and puling intellectuals, narcissists all of them, infinitely more concerned with their own comfort and personal aggrandizement than with the distraught problems of pain and deprivation and ignorance and credulity of their emotionally exploited and intellectually drugged fellowmen, regressing to an infantile level of political acceptance, reposing their faith in a miracle man, a new Messiah, a Saviour of democracy. Unquiet shades of Woodrow Wilson!

This failure in contemporary America of the liberal mind, and increasingly of the socialistic mind, to stand by the assumptions and possibilities of a radically new world, to be brought into existence by courageous acts of thought and sincere acts of will, not by rhetoric and pretense and word-intoxicated make-believe (in the serene intervals between practical crises of real decision and action)—this alarming failure on the part of our intellectuals to transcend personal complacency, and the pursuit of power, profit, prestige, *and feeble-hearted liberalism,* is the most significant fact in explanation of the cultural and social timidity and emptiness of our life.

Why should Sherwood Anderson, only the day before yesterday writing with such fine compassionate insight of humble people, endowed with poetic and humanistic

vision, link his destiny with a dirty old political party? Why should Will Durant, Jesuitical in mind and superficial in heart as he temperamentally is, not feel it a burning disgrace to become so treasonable a turncoat with a brief sick-prosperous year and brazenly announce his allegiance to that visionless, unhuman, super-robot, Hoover?

Creatures that once were men!

The American Short Story and the Machine: A Sociological Study

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE point of view which I am about to express in these pages is not a popular one, and insofar as it diverges a little from the views usually expressed in THE MODERN QUARTERLY, it is offered as a basis for discussion. It is because I believe that, while the interpretation of facts which I offer is fairly familiar in certain aspects to those who have tried to think clearly upon the subject, there is not as yet any complete single exposition of it in which the structural relation of these facts to one another has been pointed out with sufficient clarity. My object will be achieved if this study prompts those who disagree with it to formulate another explanation of the facts which will lead to a clearer understanding of the situation. We must understand the situation clearly before we can begin to deal with it constructively.

If at first sight the relation between my article and the American short story does not appear evident, I trust that the reader will be patient. The literary production of an age is conditioned by its past and present *weltanschauung*. I must therefore analyse the conditions of this *weltanschauung*, so that the connection between them and the American short story can afterwards be made clear.

I

American life has been chiefly shaped for our generation by the spiritual dictatorship of machinery, warfare, and magazines of large circulation. It is my purpose to examine first of all the chief characteristics of a machine, or of a mechanistic structure in which machinery plays a prominent part; secondly, the characteristics of an army; and thirdly, the characteristics of the American short story. I hope to point out that these three entities,—machinery, armies, and the American short story,—share many qualities in common. After this examination I propose to discuss Puritanism, using the word in the sense of extreme Protestantism. Puritans have controlled the three chief forces of our generation. I shall therefore deal with Puritanism, first in its relation with industry, which uses machinery as a tool; secondly, with imperialism, which uses armies

as a tool; and lastly, with the American short story, the tools of which should, if the reader has read carefully what has gone before, be reasonably apparent. I shall conclude by certain general applications of what we have found to the future, asking the reader to bear in mind that what I have to say about the American short story will naturally apply in equal measure, not only to the other arts, but to the desirable attitude of Americans toward life and the use of creative functions. What applies to my discussion of the American short story may no doubt even be extended so as to apply to sexual problems.

II

I would now ask the reader to consider as quietly as he can, but with as much concentration as possible, those qualities of a machine with which he has more or less familiarity. If the reader is an American brought up against an industrial background, he will be exceptionally well fitted by experience to grasp what I have to say. Let him examine my list of characteristics and add to them such other characteristics as may occur to him.

When I speak of a machine, I would define it for my purpose as any construction designed to do things, but unable to operate without the assistance of men and women, though designed to eliminate as much as possible all personal labor. Until recently it was difficult to conceive of a mechanistic structure not put together out of steel, wood, or other materials, and not mainly driven by steam, electricity, or other forces outside of the human organism. Writing in 1928, I would prefer to suggest that mechanistic structures have now reached the stage of evolutionary growth where new forms are beginning to appear with purely abstract mathematical structures composed of conditioned reflexes in the brains of herded men and women, and that these new abstract structures, which have shown the possibility of working at greater speed than the earlier and cruder machines, have been begotten in marriage by those earlier machines themselves. This point will no doubt become clearer as my argument is followed carefully to the end of my exposition.

Let us now consider the characteristics of a machine as I have defined it. You may disregard the abstract mechanistic structures at this point if you like, and limit yourself to the characteristics of such a clearly perceptible machine as a mass production factory plant, only bearing in mind that what I have to say applies in my opinion equally well to an abstract mechanistic structure of the new type I have just mentioned.

1. The machine is as accurate as possible. It must not make mistakes.

2. It works to a predestined pattern. It is, therefore, Calvinistic in its activity and pleasing to the Puritan mentality which has a passion to predestine as well as to be predestined. The Puritan mind is flattered to be the God of the machine.

3. It is as cheap as possible.

4. It has no nervous factor, or is at least designed to have none. (Frequently it has a great deal.) It transfers the functions of the nervous factor from itself to the operator, though at the same time sternly forbidding him to be nervous.

5. It is impersonal, or at least designed to be as impersonal as possible. (I suggest that it is developing a personality at our expense.)

6. It is designed to be absolutely interchangeable with its likes, and its usefulness is measured by this interchangeability in large scale mechanical operations.

7. If it proves to be a good machine, it is not allowed to practice Malthusianism. It reproduces itself as rapidly as possible until a better machine of its own type consigns it to the scrap heap.

8. When it manufactures a new machine, its emphasis is entirely upon the technique of the manufacture. It tells a man how to make this new machine and insists that he shall follow mechanistic rules only.

9. It insists on the elimination of error, which it defines as a human factor. It claims that it cannot err, and inflicts condign punishment on the erring human operator.

10. As a corollary to this, it has no use for creativeness. It goes on with its own set job and is perfectly certain that creativeness is a regrettable function, "the human factor." It trains the human operators and human executives to believe in the equation, CREATIVENESS="HUMAN FACTOR"=ERROR. (The word *error,* you will note, is used equally reproachfully by Christian Scientists, whose creed is American.)

11. As a further corollary, its ideal is standardization. It must always make the same object. Each object it makes must be indistinguishable from the next object, or there is "error." By extension, or by infection if you like, it imposes its ideal of standardization upon human beings. The operator must concentrate on the object made by his machine as carefully as the machine concentrates, or woe betide him!

12. It tends to do useless things and make useless objects. It therefore becomes necessary to make the things it does seem useful, and becomes desirable to confer a fictitious usefulness, if possible, on the other objects it makes.

13. Being designed to make money for men, its passion is to make as much money as possible. Its exultation is therefore in speed. Its gospel is that of "speeding-up." It imposes speed values upon the human beings who are in direct relation with it and, by extension or infection, upon all other human beings less directly in touch with it. Count Sergius Tolstoy relates that his father on returning from a walk on day, remarked: "I have to-day discovered a new mathematical law: The quicker a man drives the

less necessary is the business to which he is driving. In other words: *The rapidity of a drive is in inverse proportion to its utility.*"[1]

14. Its necessity for speed puts movement at a premium.

15. Continuous movement begets restlessness.

16. Restlessness makes the machine rust and finally wear out.

17. In order that it shall not wear out until the very last possible moment it must harness men to its needs, who shall coddle it, feed it, give it medical attention, and see that it rests properly and comfortably when not engaged in the performance of its natural functions. It also requires men who must make sure that it is able to work with the utmost speed, smoothness and exactness. It demands concentrated attention from men at every moment. It revenges itself on men whose attention flags even for a second. It controls the men who are associated with it, and in order to maintain their self-respect, it encourages them to believe that they control it.

18. It is hungry for power. It needs endless power. Hunger begets greed, and power begets power. A machine's habit of power enslaves men. First of all, it enslaves the men who are closely associated with it.

19. Its hunger to use power encourages mass production. It encourages this hunger and this mass production in the men who claim to be its owners. This mass production takes two forms. It engages in mass production of objects, and it demands the mass production of human beings. It values the mass production of human beings for two purposes of its own: first, to supply operators closely associated with it; secondly, to supply human beings in ever-increasing numbers to consume its products. There is one exception to this law. It flatters its so-called owners by telling them that they are gods in human form, but at the same time, not wishing too many of them, it encourages Malthusianism in these cases only.

20. It imposes conformity first of all as an ideal, and then as a social necessity. Its own life depends on conformity, and it relentlessly insists upon it. This conformity is imposed in at least three directions. Men closely associated with the machine must approximate as nearly as possible to its rhythm, and do the same things all the time at the same speed. Secondly, the objects it makes being all alike, it desires that the consumers of these objects shall be all alike, as otherwise they might not choose to consume the standardized article. Thirdly, it demands uniformity from all of its so-called owners on penalty of loss of ownership.

21. It is in continual warfare with other machines which make a slightly different article. The result is competition, first of all between machines, then between those most closely associated with them, and finally between their so-called owners.

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[1] *Family Views of Tolstoy.* Edited by Aylmer Maude. London, 1926.

22. One result of this is continual attrition. It disintegrates material, atomizes it, levels it. When its speed is greatest, its restlessness greatest, and its competition with other machines greatest, it tends to be careless about the quality of the material it employs, and only demands uniformity in any given relative quality of that material.

23. As a corollary of this, veneer makes its appearance. Machine-made objects have veneer for two reasons. The first reason is to conceal defects and poor quality.

24. The second reason is that competition at this stage requires self-advertising, and it is easier to advertise a veneered product than an unveneered one. It imposes self-advertising on its so-called owners, and they create a new and vast mechanistic advertising structure designed to push poor useless goods on the consumer indifferent to them.

25. The machine scorns intelligence beyond a certain point. The use of excessive intelligence would bring in the human factor, nay, even creativeness, which is "error." If the consumer were more than moderately intelligent, he would refuse the machine's inferior product. Mass production and mass consumption hypnotize intelligence.

26. The machine lacks responsibility, at least it entirely refuses to assume responsibility. This lack of responsibility tends by extension or infection to communicate itself to those closely associated with the machine. The individual operator tends to shift his responsibility to the next man if possible, and if the nervous tension or the man's resentment is too great, human nature dictates to the operator a policy of "ca'canny" or revolt.

27. This is the death of craftsmanship, and begets scorn of creativeness and hatred of art.

28. The machine lays a strong emphasis on the value of time. "Time is money." By emphasis on time and on concentration of an extreme sort on the machine and the object being made, space is scorned.

29. Consciousness of space being a bad habit, the machine will not tolerate spaciousness in man. Spaciousness means leisure, free time. Leisure is idleness, and free time distracts men from the machine.

30. Without free leisure and spaciousness, creativeness is impossible. The machine knows its enemies. They are the saint, the hero, and the artist. It offers mankind a new mysticism of material things. Those who accept this mysticism find that it is a mechanical substitute for religion (just as good), and call it "Service."

III

I have suggested several times that the machine impulse is infectious, and indeed I do not suppose it will be denied for a moment

that men in America have a strong impulse to imitate the machine's restlessness. In a world which is rapidly becoming industrialized, it is clear that men are rapidly becoming mechanized. For successful mechanization of men, I have suggested that it is necessary for them to conform to a uniform pattern. Hitherto the most successful attempt at imposing such conformity has been the modern army. Let us examine the characteristics of a modern army as we have examined the characteristics of the machine, and see how closely the two series of characteristics parallel each other.

1. An army is as accurate as possible. It may not make mistakes.
2. It works under blind orders, the pattern of which it does not question. These orders have the quality of predestination for the rank and file.
3. It must be maintained as cheaply as possible.
4. Its ideal is to have no nervous factor. The rank and file are possessed by nervous factors, though at the same time supposed not to be nervous.
5. It is impersonal, or at least designed to be as impersonal as possible. (The rank and file develop a herd personality, and it was observable during the last war that this herd personality was sometimes developed at the expense of the leaders. Witness Russia and Germany.)
6. Troops are designed to be absolutely interchangeable with their likes, and their usefulness is measured by this interchangeability in large mechanical operations.
7. Large families are encouraged in a conscript population.
8. In building up an army, the emphasis is entirely upon technique. The rank and file men follow mechanistic rules only.
9. Error, which is defined as a human factor, must be eliminated. Error is severely punished.
10. Creativeness is dangerous. The object of an army is precision in destruction.
11. Men must be standardized in an army.
12. The rank and file of an army are trained to do useless things. It becomes necessary to make the things they do seem useful. They are done for the sake of "discipline."
13. Speed and pressure are imperative. Warfare is a race.
14. There is an ambition to move quickly, checkmated for the most part by a similar ambition on the other side.
15. This ambition and frustration beget restlessness.
16. Restlessness creates fatigue and finally breakdown.
17. In order that the army shall not break down until the very last possible moment, it demands concentrated attention from men at every moment who must make sure that it is able to work with the utmost speed, smoothness and exactness. It revenges itself on men whose attention flags for even a second. It controls them abso-

lutely, and in order to maintain their self-respect it encourages them to believe that they control its destiny.

18. It has hunger for power. Its power begets power. This power enslaves the men who are its atoms. (Machines know all about atomic structure.)

19. This hunger to use power encourages mass production. An army encourages this hunger and this mass production in the government which claims to control it. This mass production takes two forms, machine mass production of objects, and a demand for the mass production of human beings.

20. An army imposes conformity, first of all as an ideal, and then as a military command. Its own life depends on conformity. This conformity is imposed in at least three directions. Men forming part of the army must approximate as nearly as possible to its rhythm, and do the same things all the time at the same speed. Secondly, in order to achieve this, an army desires that the rank and file shall be all alike, as otherwise their forced conformity might create internal conflicts which would weaken the forces of the army's mechanistic structure. Thirdly, armies demand uniformity in all governments on penalty of defeat.

21. An army exists to be in warfare with another army. The result is competition, first of all before war is declared, then in destructive conflict between the two mechanistic structures which have absorbed the nation as food for their power.

22. One result of this is destructive attrition. Men and natural resources are disintegrated, atomized, levelled. When the activity of an army is greatest, its restlessness greatest, and its competition with another army greatest, it tends to be careless about the quality of the human beings and materials it employs, and only demands uniformity in any given relative quality of those human beings and that material.

23. As a corollary of this, veneer makes its appearance. Armies are window-dressed for two reasons. The first reason is to conceal defects and poor quality so as to deceive the enemy.

24. The second reason is that conflict at this stage requires self-advertising in order to whip up human energy, and revive flagging courage and enthuiasm, and it is easier to advertise a veneered army than an unveneered one. The army imposes self-advertising on its government, and this government creates a new and mechanistic self-advertising structure designed to rouse false ideals in the minds of its subjects.

25. The army scorns intelligence beyond a certain point. The use of excessive intelligence would bring in the human factor, nay, even creativeness, which is "error." If the rank and file were more than moderately intelligent, they would refuse to fight. Both the machine and the army hypnotize intelligence.

26. The army lacks responsibility in its destructiveness, or at

least it entirely refuses to assume responsibility. It claims to be responsible only to itself. The individual human being tends to shift his responsibility to the next man if possible, and if the nervous tension or the man's resentment is too great, human nature dictates a policy of "ca'canny" or revolution. Such "ca'canny" or revolution usually, though not always, follows upon disillusionment some time after the war. It varies in degree according to national character.

27. The army mind scorns creativeness and hates art.

28. The army lays a strong emphasis on the value of time. Time is victory. By emphasis on time and on concentration of an extreme sort on the immediate objective, the significance of which the rank and file does not grasp in relation to the real scheme, space is annihilated.

29. Leisure and free time are reduced to a minimum. They are dangerous for an army.

30. Without leisure and free time the creative faculty is destroyed or at least severely damaged. The army knows its enemies. They are the saint, the hero and the artist. The real hero is a man of spiritual courage and not of physical courage. To replace its enemies the army offers mankind a new mysticism which is perfectly material. Those who accept this mysticism find that it is a mechanical substitute for religion (just as good), and call it "Patriotism."

IV

It will be noted at once that the parallelism between the machine and the army is tolerably close. It may also be recalled that since the war in which the armies tended to become more and more rigid and mechanized like machines themselves, experiments are rapidly going forward in various countries to substitute so-called "mechanized armies" in which machines take the place of men as far as possible, for the old type of armies in which machines were used in a far more elementary way, and these experiments appear to be regarded as satisfactory by those who are making them. The inference would appear to be that machines and machanized structures with as little human factor as possible are less inclined to revolt at destructive work than human beings. In fact, they destroy with zest, and the curve of their impulse and success in a time series takes on the aspect of an algebraic sequence. (The war of 1914-18, I suggest, was machinery's attempt to enslave man in Europe. It only partially succeeded, as Europe had not the same whole-hearted enthusiasm about machinery as America. The really dangerous large-scale attempt at present is directed toward America and Russia, and through American finance indirectly toward Europe.)

If we find the American short story tending toward a mechanized structure, we may perhaps begin to wonder whether its effects are likely to be creative or destructive. If we decide that the effects

are on the whole destructive, we may take comfort to ourselves from the realization that it will be difficult for completely mechanized fiction to achieve the same measure of acceptance from man as objects manufactured out of more material elements. The consumer will some day baulk at accepting them.

To come now to the qualities of the American short story as I have observed them during a somewhat careful study of fifteen years, let us see if these characteristics correspond to any noticeable degree with those of the machine and with those of the army.

1. The American short story must be as accurate as possible. It must be photographic and careful to include the most minute and irrelevant details. It must make no mistakes of omission or inexactness.

2. It works to be a predestined pattern determined by Poe, O. Henry, and magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is, therefore, Calvinistic in its activity and pleasing to the Puritan mentality whose passion is to predestine as well as to be predestined. Its predestination works through a characteristic American mechanistic infection known as "plot," little valued and almost unknown in other countries. It is our proud boast that Chekhov wrote "sketches," but that we write "short stories." In the American short story predestined uniform types do precisely what we expect them to do in precisely the same way always. If they err, they err against business standards. A puritan cannot err, and he is flattered to be the god who condemns these erring mortals. More frequently, the puritan businessman is a hero, and by his cleverness against villainous odds, gets the cash and the girl. Being rather modern, he likes to discuss "problems," but the "problem story," to which he is addicted never raises any issue sufficiently vital to touch life at the quick.

3. The American short story is as cheap as possible. Its emotions are cheap, its characters are cheap, and the victories of its heroes are cheap. Most of all, its saccharine sentimentality is cheap.

4. Its heroes have no nervous factor, or are at least designed to have none. (As a matter of fact it is sufficient if they hide it behind a mask and appear "strong, silent men." They never behave like Don Quixote.) The functions of the nervous factor are transferred from the hero to the villian or the erring woman, but these are sternly punished for their neurosis of which the hero is frequently the cause.

5. The American short story is impersonal. It seldom creates character, because its readers are afraid of individuality and dislike it. Like the machine, the American short story manufactures "types," and it is the recognition of these "types" which appear to give pleasure to the consumer.

6. The American short story is designed to be absolutely interchangeable with its likes. Its characters, being "types," are usually

thus interchangeable, and the usefulness of a story in the magazine of large circulation is measured by this interchangeability. Magazines with circulations of over a million tend more and more to become large scale mechanical structures fed by advertising.

7. If the American short story writer achieves a satisfactory mechanical product which the magazine of large circulation finds acceptable to its advertisers, he is not allowed to practise literary Malthusianism. He reproduces his original story as frequently and rapidly as possible until another writer, copying his manner and adding one or two new nuts and bolts of his own design, consigns the poor devil to the scrap heap.

8. When the writer manufactures a new short story, his concern is entirely upon the technique of manufacture. He is told by the editors and college professors how to make this new story, and they insist that he shall follow mechanistic rules only.

9. Any deviation from the pattern is error, and the story-writer rash enough to deviate cannot find a publisher easily.

10. As a corollary to this, American magazines of large circulation have no use for creativeness. They go on with their set program and are perfectly certain that creativeness is a regrettable function.

11. As a further corollary, the ideal put forward for the writer is standardization. The writer must always write the same story. By extension, or by infection if you like, the magazine of large circulation and the advertiser behind it impose this ideal of standardization upon the reading public.

12. The writer is encouraged to write silly stories in a silly verbose way. It therefore becomes necessary for the magazine of large circulation to make the stories it publishes seem important.

13. The magazine of large circulation being designed to make money for men, its passion is to make as much money as possible. Its exultation is therefore in speed. Its gospel is that of getting rich quickly. It imposes speed values upon the writers who contribute to its pages, corrupting them with money in order to gain its end, and, by extension or infection, it imposes the same speed values upon the reading public.

14. Its craving for speed puts movement and pattern at a premium.

15. Continuous movement and pattern beget restlessness, first of all in the writer, and secondly, in the reading public.

16. Restlessness makes writers' minds rust and finally wear out. It rusts the mind of reading public and finally dulls and wears out its creative response.

17. In order that it shall not wear out until the very last possible moment, the magazine of large circulation harnesses men to its needs, whether these needs are of an editorial, advertising, financial or other nature, who coddle it, feed it, and give it medical attention.

It demands concentrated attention from men at every moment who must make sure that it is able to work with the utmost speed, smoothness and exactness, and who must see that it "circulates," keeps moving. It controls the men who are associated with it, and in order to maintain their self-respect it encourages them to believe that they control it.

18. It is hungry for power, financial power, political power, judicial power. It needs endless power. Hunger begets greed and power begets power. The magazine hunger for power enslaves men. First of all it enslaves the men who are closely associated with it (its writers, its editors, its advertising men, its machine tenders, its owners.)

19. Its hunger to use power encourages mass production. It encourages this hunger and this mass production in the men who claim to be its owners. This mass production takes two forms. It demands mass production of stories, and it engages in mass production of public opinion and standards for two purposes of its own: First, to create mass mentality responsive in a friendly way to its program of power; secondly, it makes sure of a supply of human beings in largely increasing numbers to purchase its own standardized product and the standardized products of its advertisers, who in the long run support and own its owners.

20. It imposes conformity, first of all as an ideal on the reader, and then as a social necessity. Its own life depends on conformity and it relentlessly insists upon it. This conformity is imposed in at least three different directions. Writers and editors must approximate as nearly as possible to its rhythm, and do the same things all the time at the same speed. Secondly, the stories it publishes being all alike, and the goods it advertises being all alike, it desires that the consumers of these stories and these goods shall be all alike, as otherwise they might not choose to consume the standardized article. Thirdly, it demands uniformity from all its so-called owners on penalty of loss of ownership. It makes this demand through its advertisers who advertise in its competitors as well.

21. The magazine of large circulation is in continual warfare with other magazines of large circulation. The result is competition, first of all, for advertisers, secondly, for authors, and thirdly, for circulation.

22. One result of this is continual attrition. Creativeness disintegrates, characters are atomized, the story and its readers are levelled down. Being speedy, restless, and competitive, the magazine is quite careless about the quality of the material it employs, and only demands uniformity in any given relative quality of that material. I use the word material advisedly, as in this market stories are regarded by the writer, editor and advertiser as a commodity like soap.

23. As a corollary of this, veneer makes its appearance. Veneer

conceals defects and poor quality, as I said before. This veneer usually takes two forms: First, emphasis on the sterlized anæmic thing called culture; secondly, a deft, slick patter.

24. Competition between magazines requires self-advertising, and it is easier to advertise a veneered short story than an unveneered one. Apart from self-advertising, the industrialized magazine of large circulation is built on the gospel of advertising itself, and has become one of the three new advertising mechanisms designed to push poor useless goods on the consumer indifferent to them. Its serious rivals are the radio and the cinema, which tend to swallow up the short story writer even more successfuly than the magazine of large circulation.

25. A magazine of large circulation scorns intelligence beyond a certain point. It communicates this scorn to the editor, the short story writer, and the reader. If the editor were more than moderately intelligent, his sense of decency would not permit him to publish what he does; if the author were more intelligent, he could not write what he does for any length of time, and if the reader were more than moderately intelligent, he would refuse to purchase the magazine. Like the machine and the army, the mass production short story hypnotizes everybody's intelligence.

26. American short story writers are totally irresponsible, or at least they entirely refuse to assume artistic responsibility. The average magazine reader, who is fed on this pap, has consequently no notion, or very little, of what responsibility means.

27. This is the death of art and begets scorn of creativeness and the hatred of art.

28. The American short story lays strong emphasis on the value of time and money. "Time is money." By emphasis on time and money, and by concentration of an extreme sort on business, space is scorned.

29. Consciousness of space being a bad habit, the American short story writer is ignorant or contemptuous of the values of leisure. Leisure is idleness, takes no account of time, and does not make money. Spaciousness in life is unknown to him, and the value of it is not communicated by him to the reader.

30. Without free leisure and spaciousness, creativeness is impossible. The magazine of large circulation, being a mechanistic structure, knows its enemies, even though its editor and contributors may be unconscious of them. They are the saint, the hero, and the artist. Any suggestion in an American magazine of large circulation that these three types of humanity might be worth recognizing in America would be greeted with laughter and embarrassment. (Dead saints and heroes like Joan of Arc and Lincoln may be safely admired.) Instead, the magazine of large circulation offers the American public a new mysticism of material things. Those who accept this mysticism find that it is a mechanical substitute for reli-

gion (just as good), and call it "Service." They have even gone so far as to suggest that Jesus Christ was a sort of John the Baptist for the young American business man who continually figures as hero in the short stories which adorn their pages.

V

So far it has been necessary to handle one by one a number of platitudes, and to turn them over to see how far they were related to one another. Platitudes which are dead when unrelated often come surprisingly to life when the pattern into which they fit is disclosed. In a mechanical civilization especially, the elements of life must be fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle if we are to discover successfully the pattern of that civilization. I am sorry if the pieces which I have fitted together are dusty, but I do not apologize for their dustiness. Let me add one more dusty commonplace to the others before going on with our sociological study of the American short story and the machine.

Those who discovered, comquered, and developed America have been Puritans. Their line is uninterrupted from the Pilgrim Fathers to Calvin Coolidge. Puritans are men who reject external authority. To what extent they do this wisely or unwisely, it is not for me to discuss here. There is a *via media* between absolute authority and anarchy. The only point which I wish to emphasize here is that the Puritan, when he rejects external authority, sets up an internal authority which he calls private judgment. This private judgment of the Puritan tends to erect itself into a private judgment of other people and to substitute itself in place of the older sanctions as an absolute external authority which must be obeyed by those whose private judgment, not being Puritan, must manifestly be regarded as of an inferior sort. This is, as I have said, another dusty platitude, but you will soon see what place it has in the American scheme of things, and, secondly, what effect it has on the American short story.

Industrialism, it has been noted many times by European historians and observers, is born, develops and takes deepest root in Puritan, that is to say extreme Protestant, communities. It is not an accident that the industrial revolution took place in northern England, that is to say in a nonconformist community which had rejected earlier than other parts of England the most civilized traditions of the nation. Nor is it an accident that industrialism on a large scale spread more rapidly from England to America and to Germany than to other countries. Finally, it is inevitable that the new mysticism of machinery should arise in so essentially a "protesting" state as Bolshevik Russia, in which it is of great interest to study the birth of a new Calvinistic Puritan determinism, whatever little this determinism cares to have in common with the Pilgrim Fathers and John Calvin.

This new industrial determinism, as I have previously pointed out, has a religion of its own which takes the form of a mystic materialism. This mystic materialism is saturated with romanticism in all countries in which it has taken root profoundly. There is a romanticism of the machine which has found important imaginative expression for a generation or more in the most industrialized European countries. This romantic mysticism of the machine is either imperialistic or bureaucratic. With Conservatives it is imperialistic and with Radicals it is bureaucratic. In either case it is purely materialistic, less frankly so with Conservatives than with Radicals. The justification of this materialism, or its damnation, I leave as a matter for discussion. I simply state the fact and point out that the Radical is more honest about it than the Conservative.

In England the Conservative mystic romanticism of the machine may be typified by Kipling, the Radical romanticism by Wells. (It may be noted in passing that Radical mystics of the machine tend to become Conservative more or less unconsciously as they pass middle age. It seems probable that both Kipling and Wells admire the energy of Sir Alfred Mond. Certainly Wells does. Mond is the new Wellsian superman.) In Belgium the worship of the machine has inspired the most important lyrical efforts of Verhaeren, this industrial nation's greatest poet. Verhaeren, writing in French, had greatly influenced France before the war, though a lyrical determinism of the machine was expressed more powerfully and with far greater national influence by Zola. The naturalistic efforts in Germany before the war of a whole school of novelists and playwrights was also designed to hymn an industrial civilization.

The proletarian fiction and poetry of Bolshevik Russia is an insane panegyric of Taylorism, machinery, efficiency, mass production, mechanistic human structures, and Puritan conformity. The ideal of the *proletkult* is a cellular organism very much like the atomic structure of a machine in its essence. (I have already suggested that machines know all about atomic structure.)

This Bolshevik influence, united to a passionate French admiration of the American cinema and the American dynamo, has prompted the shell-shocked and disillusioned literary and artistic youth of France to proceed from Dada to *surréalisme,* and *surréalisme* in turn is having a very muddling effect on most young American writers and artists in Paris. (Eugene Jolas is the noteworthy exception.)

Finally, it may be noted with interest how New England Puritanism, having passed through a somewhat chequered history from the days of Abolition to those of Prohibition, manifests an excited and benevolent interest, so far as its idealistic wing is concerned, in Bolshevik Russia, thus offering an explanation of the curious and otherwise inexplicable relationship existing between New England and the Radical press. Calvinism in Russia calls to Calvinism in

New England and is heard. The less idealistic wing in New England Puritanism is, of course, frankly puzzled and shocked.

VI

I have found it necessary to touch more than lightly upon the close connection which exists between Puritanism and industry. I shall be content if you will bear in mind that a Puritan is an extreme Protestant, a man who protests and whose protest takes a religious or pseudo-religious form. He may be a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Jew. There are great Puritans as well as small Puritans, but all great Puritans have one essential thing in common. They are witch-burners, whether they respond to the name of Calvin or that of Lenin.

The relationship between Puritanism and Imperialism perhaps calls for a somewhat closer analysis. As industry is the framework of the machine, so imperialism is obviously the framework of armies. Imperialism cloaks itself, though this is little realized, in many other forms than that familiarly known as "shouldering the white man's burden." Like industrialism, one of its noteworthy characteristics,—the very form it assumes,—is an extreme romanticism, and by romanticism I would be understood as suggesting the tendency toward emotional vagueness and the use of "cosmic" expression at the expense of the concrete. Curiously enough, it may be observed that this is an almost invariable characteristic of those who claim to be materialists. If they are imperialistic materialists, they talk about "the white man's burden," which is certainly not a concrete concept; and if they are radical materialists, they talk about the brotherhood of man, which is even less concrete, not realizing that one brother in the heart is worth a million in the bush.

The French historian, Ernest Seillière, who is unknown in English-speaking countries, greeted with shrugs in France, and usually hated in conservative Germany, but whose studies of imperialism, continued over more than a generation, are among the most profound contributions I know to an understanding of our times and of the immediate past, has suggested that there four kinds of mystic imperialism observable in our world, and that, however, much opposed they may be to one another, they are nevertheless children of the same mother. He distinguishes the following types: First, racial imperialism; second, æsthetic imperialism; third, sexual imperialism; and lastly, social imperialism.

The first and the fourth have special affinities, and represent herd qualities rather than individual qualities. Likewise, the second and the third have special affinities, and represent individual rather than herd qualities. Furthermore, any or all of these four varieties of mystic imperialism may unite to some degree. On the whole, however, the first and the fourth fight against the second and the third, although those who control and rule nations or groups with herd

qualities tend to exploit these herd qualities for the sake of their own individual qualities.

In America, I would suggest that the æsthetic and the sexual mysticism, as to the value of which I intend to express no opinion here, have found literary and artistic expression so noticeably during the past decade or so as an inevitable reaction from the racial and social imperialism of the Puritan which has always ruled American life, but which came out far more hostilely into the open against the non-Puritan elements in the nation as soon as America entered the war. The only qualification I care to make is that race imperialism is inclined in some degree, when most extreme, to show a marked sexual aspect. German life since 1870 reveal this to a considerable extent.

I would suggest as a fruitful subject for investigation the analysis of each of these four kinds of mystic imperialism in American life. Such an analysis should first be pursued historically, and then examined in its political, psychological and artistic manifestations at the present day. This a virgin field for the explorer. Our racial and social mysticism might be explored with regard to the Negro, the Spanish-American War, Mexico, "hundred per-centism," and "Americanization." Æsthetic and sexual mysticism might be explored with regard to New England culture, Greenwich Village, and the current radical novel. I have suggested only six or seven out of a hundred topics.

Such an exploration would reveal clearly enough a common attitude of romantic escape in every aspect examined, and might suggest the reflection that America was settled in a mood of romantic escape, that the American Republic was rounded in a mood of romantic escape, that big business has developed out of a mood of romantic escape, that machinery was designed to take the place of men who desired romantic escape, and that the modern American, enslaved (to his surprise) by the machine, find romantic escape in a radicalism which, unfortunately, is as mechanistic as the machine from which he is trying to escape. I might furthermore suggest that romantic escape is the driving power of most significant American expression in the arts since 1916, as it had previously been the driving power of Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, and many another writer. (It may be remarked that the founders of the American Republic shared in common with the modern American Radical a profound admiration for Rousseau, whose well-known persecution mania has its analogies in both cases. Please do not interpret this as a profound and basic attack on Rousseau, the republic, or radicalism, but remember that Rousseau was born in Geneva, the home of Calvin, and was the son of a watchmaker, and that watchmaking was as near to machinery as a man could get in those days.)

It is the romanticism of Rousseau and the romanticism of America which I would have you specially note. Romanticism is the result

of disillusionment attended by fear. It is always the search for a God to replace a God against whom the romantic has protested, rightly or wrongly. Such a search is always conditioned by the romantic's fears. The thing he fears most is apt to guide him in the direction of his worship. The things he fears most is the thing he is most inhibited from recognizing as the object of his fear. The thing Americans fear most is the tyranny of the machine, and they are inhibited by the intensity of their fear from recognizing machinery as the object of that fear.

At the same time they are quite aware of its power and vastness, and therefore the machine naturally suggests itself as the nearest and most probable god. It presents itself to us as something worthy of worship, and the rites which it prescribes are presented to us as the most suitable rites for a new religion. (Recently Henry Ford contributed to an American magazine an authorized interview entitled: "Machinery: The New Messiah.")

In order to worship the machine, which is really only a fetish, it is necessary that we should be primitive. We have one primitive quality already, and an important one, i. e., fear. The machine which we are tending more and more to regard as a divinity, and to worship mystically as such, finds it desirable to reduce us as far as possible to a primitive level of mentality. It also finds it desirable that we should know what its God-like qualities are and imitate them, for religion is essentially the imitation as far as possible of the qualities of a divinity.

This new divinity has thirty virtues, which we have already discovered that armies tend to have as well. An army is the nearest approximation to a machine organism that a nation has so far achieved. The mechanical modifications of a nation necessary to turn it into an army have been already analyzed. It has furthermore been noted that the American short story, which shares with the cinema and the radio the distinction of being the most successful form of propaganda necessary to fuse individuals into an army which shall worship the machine, has to a noticeable degree developed the thirty qualities most pleasing to a machine.

Having reached this point in our voyage of discovery, let us now consider the relationship which exists between Puritanism and the American short story.

VII

The fundamental need of any organism, human or otherwise, which is conscious of motion, is the need for self-expression. The machine seeks self-expression. Hitherto its form of self-expression has been shaping objects out of material. After reading what has gone before, you no doubt have rather more than a dim suspicion that the machine has become interested recently in shaping a mechanistic organism as like itself as possible out of the American people. We

have already seen that it has achieved fairly complete control of the American people, though this control depends entirely on the American people's lack of realization of what is happening. This lack of realization is due to the hypnosis induced by the rhythm of the machine first of all, and afterwards to the extension of that rhythm into all fields of American life by a secondary hypnosis in which not only the social pressure encouraged by the machine, but also the radio, the cinema, and the American magazine of large circulation, act prominent parts.

We have furthermore observed the relation between Puritanism and industry, and Puritanism and imperialism. It is fairly clear to us that the virtues of a machine awake a more sympathetic response in a Puritan temperament than in any other temperament. Furthermore it would be laboring a sufficiently obvious point to demonstrate in detail that the machine is imperialistic. Anything which is hungry for power and afraid to stop must be imperialistic. It is the nature of anything imperialistic to impose its standards upon those who have succumbed to its influence, or who are inclined to succumb to its influence. Moreover those who are ignorant of its influence, or whose fear inhibits recognition of that influence, are in the gravest danger of being enslaved.

The machine imposes its standards, therefore, wherever it has power enough to do so, and is ably seconded by the Puritan mentality, which believes that it is in control of the machine, but is in reality subject to the machine through the greed, hunger and restlessness which the machine has induced. This generalization holds as true for communistic control as for big business control—in fact, wherever the ideal emphasis is laid upon the value of the machine. Mond and Stalin are travelling along converging roads and it will be interesting to see whether one eats the other up or whether an ultimate partnership is arranged between them. I use these two names only as symbols to indicate the drift of my suggestion.

We have furthermore seen that machine civilization as well as Puritan civilization flourish best in northern countries. They despise Mediterranean countries, except insofar as they are useful to their purposes. They have no use for "Dagoes" and Jews, yet our literature, art, civilization, and the most profound of our hereditary folkways come from the basin of the Mediterranean. All that has held western civilization together and built it up comes from Israel, Greece, Rome, and Medieval Italy. Renaissance Italy has also contributed a rather mixed dose, half stimulating and half decadent.

The American Puritan culture of the machine requires the abdication of our personality and exalts this abdication into an ideal, substituting the hive for the individual man of flesh, blood, heart, and intelligence. Bolshevik Russia, which has caught our disease, hopes to go the same way. The imperialism of the machine, like that

of an army, conscripts us to its own ends, and it desires these ends to remain a secret from us as long as possible. *Erewhon* has a more profound meaning than even Samuel Butler suspected. The machine is ambitious to be superman, and it is very fairly on the way to success in the realization of this ambition. It cannot be superman of itself, but it may achieve supermanhood by incarnation in humanity through a mechanistic hive organism. Such an organism would be superman only in the sense that it would be infinitely more powerly than any human member of its ranks, but if the point is ever reached when every human being is conscripted into its ranks, such a limitation of its supermanhood as this implies would be regarded by the human race as an academic point, and would be laughed at as we have been known to laugh over the old scholastic disputation about how many angels could dance upon the point of a needle.

The machine, in order to reduce humanity to the point of subservience necessary for it to assert its supermanhood successfully, finds it convenient to begin with a country which has the oldest and most deeply rooted industrial tradition. That country, needless to say, is the United States of America.

So far as I can perceive, apart from the ordinary powerful means of social pressure and the sheer conscription of labor that industrialism compels, the machine has discovered six media to assist it in its purpose:

1. The cinema.
2. The radio.
3. The theater.
4. The crossword puzzle and its cousins.
5. Philosophy in its descent through Pragmatism to Behaviorism, applied psychology and the "science of advertising." The last revels in "conditional reflexes."
6. The American short story.

The manner in which the cinema, the radio, the theater, and the crossword puzzle contribute to the necessary levelling down into moron-like conformity is transparently obvious. The relationship between Pragmatism and big business is clear enough to be thought out by any reader, and the relation between Behaviorism and the machine appears to be that of effect from cause, as Bertrand Russell, otherwise respectful to Behaviorism, has cleverly pointed out. Bergson has obscured the idea of space and merged it into that of time in a manner most pleasing to the machine. Einstein's theory of Relativity has also contributed to the demolition of space values, and Freud has broken down the sense of personal responsibility to a point at which industrialism can step in and assure man that he had best depute his responsibility entirely into the safe hands of the kindly machine. An analysis of *gestalt* from this point of view would produce interesting conclusions, and Pavlov's relation to the cine-

matographic experiments in Taylorism which are going on in his Russian laboratory is well known.

My most personal interest, however, is in the influence of the American short story upon American life. I am fascinated when I study the manner in which it has been captured by the machine for its own purposes. Apparently the machine's first intention was merely to advertise its own products, but the point came at which it became clear to the machine that in order to advertise its products with sufficient success and in a sufficiently rapid curve of extension, it was necessary to create media of advertising which would make the American people desire sufficiently the objects advertised. As I have said before, only a standardized people will use standardized things exclusively.

The machine therefore set about creating the national magazine among other things, and the measure of its success needs no historical summary by me. The only factor which it really had to consider as a difficult obstacle in its way was the seemingly everlasting factor of human creativeness. It was imperative that the machine should discover the weak points in contemporary human creativeness and exploit them to its ends. For the ordinary literary craftsman, (and after the turn of the century there were few American story writers who could lay claim to more than ordinary human craftsmanship), the peak points were greed and discouragement. Most writers could be corrupted by money; all but a few of the others could be killed by discouragement. The few who remained unaffected by either of these methods weer naturally those of the most creative power, those whose nature bordered closely upon genius. Tainted as even the noblest American is by the restlessness and speed of industrial energy, the most creative American story tellers are naturally disposed to choose and perhaps misunderstand certain elements in the teaching of the four chief literary personalities who have influenced the twentieth century.

The machine taught them to read into Ibsen the gospel of revolt against all human allegiances; to read into Tolstoy a complete revolt against art; to be possessed through Dostoievsky of profound fear and of a disposition like that of Rasputin to consider that men can be saved only by repentance from sins which it is therefore necessary for them to commit; and to read into Nietzsche a special interpretation of the will-to-power which implied the value of utilizing personal or rather vague individual power over the herd man.

All of this was most pleasing to the machine. If all personal human allegiance could be severed, allegiance would be transferred from the individual to the hive, and so by extension to the machine. If art could be discounted on any grounds, spaciousness and therefor creativeness would tend to disappear in man. If man were to become possessed of fear, the machine would chuckle, and if sin was to be given a positive value, the sense of responsibility would be

lost. If the will-to-power over men were cultivated, those who developed this will would become either leaders of big business or would go mad through frustration, and in either case the spiritual element in them would be paralyzed. Furthermore a cultivation of the will-to-power over men would lead those who cultivated it to cast about for the strongest power within their field of vision. As things have gone so far, that strongest power is the machine. Little by little we may presume that the question will arise in American minds: *Is the machine the new superman?* Finally, may not a day come when the dread question is asked: *Is not the machine GOD?*

VIII

These speculations have already arisen in the minds of a few Europeans scattered in different countries. It is to be presumed that these people, who are not specially in contact with one another, have responded to something which is in the air. Old Europe lies between young America and young Russia, and is in considerable danger of being crushed by machines on both sides, with the friendly, if not altogether whole-hearted assistance of Germany, northern England, Belgium and northern France. The men in Europe who have asked these questions, and who believe that they are slowly becoming aware of the most pressing and immediate problem of the future, hear and utter many complaints about the Americanization of European life. It is not as clear to them as it is to me that the chief Americanizing influences upon Europe are the American cinema, the American radio, and the American short story.

If you analyze the influence of the American short story in the light of the thirty qualities which I have demonstrated that it possesses, you can readily apply your analysis to the cinema and to the radio, and when your mind is made up as to whether my diagnosis is correct, it behooves you to formulate your own attitude in the matter and your own policy as a human being toward machinery in the mechanistic state. This policy need not fundamentally alter your attitude as a Conservative, a Liberal, or a Radical, except insofar as it clarifies it and inclines you to purge your philosophy of all mechanistic elements.

You are to decide whether to live your life as a human being or as a machine. To use the jargon of chemistry, mixing human nature and machinery together will never produce a "chemical compound." It may produce a "mechanical mixture," if indulged in on a sufficiently small scale. It will undoubtedly blow us up as a nation, and perhaps also physically as human beings through warfare, if we dedicate ourselves entirely to this end.

In my view the only possible security for a man, the only way in which he can save his soul (if the phrase is not too old-fashioned), is to refuse allegiance to the machine absolutely with the clear

knowledge of one's reason for doing so and the possible consequences, and with the use of every possible effort of adaptation through intelligence, self-sacrifice and labor, in order to survive as a free man possessing his own soul.

Until one is a free man possessing his own soul, the path is not free to advance even a single step in the use of the right will-to-power which is truly creative. Nietzsche knew that perfectly well. One must refuse this determinism through a madness of the heart, even against everything that the intellect may tell us, if we are going to transcend man and really create superman. Moreover this refusal of determinism implies a spiritual warfare designed not to kill and maim men, but to kill and maim machines—at least, until we gain spiritual control of them and of ourselves. Such a warfare will never be achieved by an artist through propaganda. If he will refuse machines and what machines provide, except insofar as he finds that they save him spiritual waste, and if he will express what his own creative impulse wishes him to express, keeping that expression pure of mechanistic elements and of neuroses caused by the machine, he will be on the right path.

He must regard the thirty qualities of the American short story as vices and not virtues. If he is only fitted to express these thirty qualities, or some of them, he will do better as a farmer than as a writer. Nor will he be fighting his battle if he resorts to romantic escape, particularly if he climbs to an ivory tower. Romantic escape from the machine implies fear of the machine, and this fear is in itself a profound acknowledgment of unwilling allegiance. Such an acknowledgement of allegiance is infectious and corrupts the young.

He must give over that minute self-analysis which any psychologist will tell him is one of the most subtle forms of romantic escape. His job is not to analyze his personality, to pull it apart—but to buildt it. The artist can only build with the materials which he reverences, and his art is conditioned entirely by his reverence and recognition of personality. That developed recognition of personality by all American artists and writers would result in the new discovery of America.

Europe knows that the future of the world lies in the right use of American energy. At present the machine uses our energy. It is high time that we began to use it ourselves. If we can do that quite simply and without Messianic complexes, and also without self-consciousness, we shall probably discover America for the first time, and so lead Europe to the same discovery. If Europe does not discover America soon, and if we do not discover it even sooner, we are perilously near our end, in my opinion.

My final suggestion is that, even as we now regard Nature as something to be overcome, so the machine is beginning to regard *us* as something to overcome, and that it is in a very fair way already

toward the achievement of this end. Fortunately it is still a young organism with excessively abundant proliferations which we must prune as Nature is pruned by us. If we do not set to work at this task immediately, we are in grave danger of being reduced to mould in its jungle. If we prune it sufficiently and gain our self-control, it may prove a valuable servant.

In youth, the American eye is more innocent than any other eye in the world. Before fear is reflected in that eye, it can innocently stare down anything. It is the task of the American artist to stare down machinery with innocent and heroic secret laughter.

Revolt and Reaction in Contemporary European Literature*

V. F. Calverton

THE literature that has sprung up in Europe during and since the War is at once distinct in its gesture of cynicism and despair from that which had preceded. The difference in attitude and outlook, in mood and tempo, reveal a contrast that is in one way devastating and in another dynamic. The continuity of the old concepts has been severed. Faiths have altered. The security of the old logic has been shattered. The romantic exuberance of the earlier novel and drama has become unappealing sentimentality and bathos. The marvelously cogent simplicities of the older construction and analysis have been lost in the amazing and bewildering complexities of the newer. The contrast and contradiction, the enigmatic ironies, the inescapable cruelty and chaos, and above all the absurd illogicalities of life have become the new motif. It is not the cosmic pessimisms of a Schopenhauer or Hardy however that charge this motif with deep and protestant despair. In the despairs of these older pessimists there was a godlike aloofness and calm, and very often their minds seem to luxuriate upon their melancholy. They brooded over the hideousness of life but were not part of it. While they lamented the ugliness and painfulness of existence, they lived amid surroundings of beauty and charm. In the cynical despairs of the present age there is, on the other hand, that sense of active participation revealed by lives torn and tortured by the very conditions and experiences that they portray and interpret. Theirs is not the tragedy of reflection but the tragedy of action. A shell-shocked world has burst upon them, with the sound of gun-fire still a remembered reverberation. Peace, which in the old days was reality, has now become a fiction. The mad

*This essay will constitute a chapter in Mr. Calverton's forthcoming book—*Literature and Civilization*—which will be published by the International Publishers this coming spring.

arming of nations has gone on with unprecedented fury. New methods of destruction are being sought in every country. And side by side with the frenzied enterprises of national rivalry, and the ruthless imperialisms that give to their expression the touch of the theatric, the class war has risen into an inescapable issue.

The contemporary age is one of transition that conveniently and correctly may be called an age of confusion. It is fraught with realities that must be faced and controlled. The philosophies have become hardened, the sciences have become dehumanized. Under capitalism, with the consuming nature of its competitive ethics, the sociality of attitude that characterized the philosophy of the Middle Ages, that inspired the opposition of the feudal order to usury, the rack-renting of land, and the cutting of wages, that made Thomas Aquinas maintain that a contract is only fair when both parties derive mutual gain from its substance, and the medievalist Bucer declare that "the Church of Christ nor a Christian commonwealth ought to tolerate such as prefer private gain to public weal"—this attitude has almost entirely disappeared. The world today driven by its individualist economics and industrial technology, is being steadily stilettoed into struggle and strife. This struggle and strife thrust themselves upon us,—inevitably, and ineluctably; before the war their presence was less obvious and imminent. Mass revolts have become horrendous with turbulence and tumult. In the days immediately following the War the very air seemed to flame with insurrection. Revolts sped from province to province, city to city, and nation to nation, breaking out with almost revolutionary rhythm in the span of a few years. Soviet Republics sprang up in the flash of wild enthusiasms. In Luxemburg, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Hungary, Brody, Oriental Galicia, Soviet republics arose and fell with explosive suddenness. In Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Italy revolt had raced nigh unto madness. In Soviet Russia a revolutionary state was founded. If in more recent years something of this revolutionary violence has subsided, the underlying struggle has not changed. Revolutionary parties are active throughout Europe. This conflict of classes has been only intensified by the economic conditions that have grown out of the War.

In a singular and subtle way this new world has written itself into the literature of our age. If Havelock Ellis could preserve his sanity and cultivate the violets in his garden, while men went mad with murder five hundred miles away, youth could not. The World War left its ineradicable effects upon the youths that survived, and the generation that grew up with the War as its noisy sentinel. One had been occupied in this undertaking, another in that, some had been in the midst of careers that promised rich rewards in learning and science; hope had tricked itself upon the wings of great inspiration, and men worked for ideals that tradition had approved and hallowed. Then came the War! And all this was shattered. Careers

were wrecked, plans broken, and inspiration converted into a brutal war-cry. The ideals for which men fought became mere traffic in the eyes of profiteer and prostitute.

Youth was disllusioned of purpose and aspiration.

In Paris the orgy of war-madness transformed the stage into a brothel, with words as mere decoration for gesture and action. The psychosis of the last fling predominated. The imminence of death drove men to the last extremities of desire. Nothing mattered! The theatre responded to their needs. Music halls, cabarets, and amusement resorts had catered to this tendency from the very beginning of the war. Now the theatre turned to a kind of sexual insanity in its eagerness to entertain and satisfy the soldier. *La vie Feminine* attracted enormous audiences night after night, and yet even it was surpassed in enthusiastic attendance by Paul Veber's play, *Loute.*[1] Pornography was king of the stage. Everywhere bawdiness was rife.

And the war did not end this!

The European world had been too startled from its equilibrium to ever return to its old routine and ritual. The returning soldiers were not the same men who had once gone to war. They were apprehensive, restless, and disillusioned. The brutalizing terrorism of the war had made these men into maniacs; and it required more than a sudden truce to calm those impulses which this madness of conflict had aroused. The old moral values had lost their influence and power. Bitterness and hatred had become more than occasional emotions in the lives of these men. They had seen their generation "smashed"—as John Freeman, the protagonist in *Fanatics,* cried in his attack upon his father and the old generation—

> "You who sat here in comfort all these five years of hell. You don't know what I am talking about. You've forgotten, I tell you. . . . . Your generation has done ours in. Smashed it! Millions! If we were to stand at that window and they marched past us, they'd march all day, and all night, and all day again for days and nights. Dead men. Dead! For what?"

It was all still a dreadful chimera whose shadow persisted after its substance had flown.

In Paris, after the war, they danced. It was the mad, delirious dancing of men and women who had to seize upon something as a vicarious outlet for their crazed emotions. They did not want old opiates that induced sleep and the delusion of a sweet stillness of things and silence. They did not seek the escape which an artificial lassitude brings to minds tormented with worry and pain. They wanted an escape that was active, dynamic, electrical. It had to be an escape that exhilarated, that brought restfulness only from exhaustion. The spirit of tranquility was alien to the trend of the age.

The revolt and reaction that have asserted themselves in the liter-

[1] *The New Spirit in the European Theatre,* Huntly Carter.

ature of Europe since the War, thus, has had its origin in the conflicting forces of modern civilization. Their emergence in the form of strange ingenuities of technique and singular involutions of substance is but an expression of deeper-lying psychological motivations. In every country a new spirit has invaded literature and life. Adoration of the old ideals has been forsaken. The old values are scorned. The moral challenge of the earlier epoch has little meaning to the literati of the new. The righteous indignations of the older dramatists, for instance, have now become mocking cynicisms with the new. The optimistic faiths of the writers in the era before the War are now laughed at as the follies of a deluded generation. The optimistic illusion of idealism has now became the disillusionment of an ironically jocular and contemptuous despair.

If we take the work of the earlier dramatists, for a moment, and examine its spirit and challenge we shall discover an attitude that has suddenly grown old. In England the generation before the War found vivid expression in the plays of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barker, although the work of Jones, Pinero, and even Barrie, Bennett, and Maugham, should not be forgotten. It was a day when the problem play was uppermost in the minds of the playwright. Influenced by Ibsen, these men, in particular Shaw and Galsworthy, endeavored to make of the drama a thing of social meaning and import. The evil of the economic and moral world they attacked with vigor and skill. They were, in fact, social reformers who used the theater as a medium for the promulgation of their ideas. They were intense advocates of social change. Galsworthy's satirical picture of the early pretences, inanities and stupidities of the middle class in his Forsythe Saga was not more effective than his attacks upon these same vices in his social dramas. *Joy, Silver Box, The Skin Game,* were but a few of his plays in which denunciation of social evils was paramount. *Strife* featured the labor-movement as its background and motivation. *The Mob* was an Ibsenesque drama of the war. It was a play of protest, in which the intelligence of the individual was extolled above that of the mass. In its thesis was embodied an attack on the moral compulsions of a war-mad society and the madness which perpetuated the economic order and which later made possible the Great War. In Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* prostitution is projected as an economic evil. Its roots in modern life are traced to the defectiveness of our social order. It is not Mrs. Warren who is guilty—but society. Only a new society can destroy her profession. *Pygmalion* provides a wonderfully delightful satire upon the pettiness and prejudices of bourgeois morality. These absurd hypocrisies need continue only so long as the bourgeois class remains dominant, and our society is ruled by its ethics and economics. The remark in *The Doctor's Dilemma* that the essence of bourgeois morality is everyone else's being suspicious that everyone else is not legally married, is vivid with the same type of con-

tempt. In *Michael and his Lost Angel, The Admirable Crichton, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* even in *Our Betters,* and *Sacred and Profane Love,* this mood of reformism through ridicule or satire, or the enforcement of moral truth through disillusioning comparisons and contrasts, was predominant. In French and German drama the same holy ardor for truth was present. If we turn to Sudermann's *The Fires of St. John's Eve,* Hauptmann's *Sunken Bell* or *Weavers,* Paul Hervieu's *Truth,* or Brieux's *Damaged Goods,* or *Red Robe,* it is still the same spirit of social zeal fortified by firm moral faith that confronts us. These men dedicated themselves to reform and revolution. For one it was reform in the moral world, another in the economic. Some hated the hypocrisies which made virtue into a vice, and others the oppressions of a morality that categorized spontaneity as sin. Some loathed the social and economic world that perverted justice into a harlot, and endowed rank with an exalted and artificial esteem. And still others detested the pruriences which forbade candor in things sexual and scientific. Everywhere it was a fight against old superstitions and decayed concepts, vigorously inspired by the faiths of men convinced of the rightness of their attacks and the truth of their ideals.

The War changed all this. The War shattered all these faiths and ideals. Social aspiration lost its appeal. Reform died in the abandon of a drunken laugh, and zeal was lost in the snuffle of a sneer. Faithlessness became the new faith. There was nothing to believe in and nothing worth fighting for. Everything was chaotic, and life promised little aside from individual escape and rationalization. In England, it is Miles Malleson, Ashley Dukes and Anthony Dell who have come to express their age. Shaw and Galsworthy are already figures that are living beyond their time. The world has caught up with them, and surged ahead. What was once startling and revolutionary in their attitude is now accepted without alarm. In fact, they tend to retrogress rather than advance. Galsworthy trifles with the dilemmas of a criminal in *Escape* and Shaw writes an apostrophe to Mussolini. New men speak for the new generation. There is a vigor in the writing of these new men that is rarely to be found these days in the work of the older school. Miles Malleson in *Black Ell* and *Fanatics* tells the truth about the War in a way that makes Shaw's *Heartbreak House* pitifully weak and feeble in comparison. These new men were *in* the War, or knew it with an intimacy that the older could never fully experience or understand. Compromising in the purchase of liberty bonds or war notes becomes not a gesture of expediency but a loathsome surrender. There is left today, therefore, only the cynicism of the sneer.

Let us take Miles Malleson as an example of this new attitude as discovered in British drama of today. Malleson's condemnation of the old order of life is not tempered by the ridicule of minds

austere and aloof, or witty and vaudevillian in their criticism. It is withering criticism that annihilates all that is before it. An entire civilization is condemned. An old morality is scathingly rejected. And old religion is scissored into shreds. What is left? Only the chaotic cry of the new generation. The craving for a new world. The old can no longer be bargained with or accepted. It must be fought. A new morality must be found. The old relations between the sexes was as stupid and stifling as the old economic and political standards. All this has to go! Love without the old leash, marriage without the old bonds. An economic world without the old competitions, and a political scene removed from the control of the capitalists.

The revolt, nevertheless, is chaotic. If it has faith in the rising generation, it is a faith that is built upon overhanging scepticisms, and in no sense is either firm or definite. It is contempt for the old more than faith in the new which provides its inspiration.

In France Romains and Lenormand have superseded Hervieu and Brieux. Hervieu's *Truth* is now an anachronism. The truth now seems to have a false echo. It is too inevitably associated with *truths* that proved to be such vicious lies. *The Red Robe* is too solemn and serious. It was based upon faiths in juristic reform. Juristic reform today is but a stultifying prospect. Who would any longer hope to reform it? Hope is but an irony. And so Romains becomes a dominating leader upon the contemporary French scene. It is not to *Lucienne* that we must turn, but to his plays *Dr. Knock* and *La Mariage de la Trouhadec* for an appreciation of his significance. Brieux, like Shaw, was a great reformer. The drama was an expression of social life. It was an art that edified as well as moved. It assailed evils because it believed in the possibility of eradicating them. To Romains, on the other hand, this attitude is but sentimentality deprived of meaning and charm. It is amusing deception. Romains represents, better than all others, *the exaltation of the sneer.* A splendid mind, he has contempt for all reforms and utopias. The dreams of his predecessors are the farcical exaggeration of minds sick with the delusion of grandeur and magnificence. They believed in men instead of scorning them. A World War has interceded. Even the problem-drama for him is bankrupt. While Shaw in *The Doctor's Dilemma* had made merry with the medical profession, it was incidental to a greater hope that doctors would perceive their own follies, and learn to be scientific rather than subjective in their diagnoses and endorsement of therapeutics. Romains in *Dr. Knock* ridicules not only the entire medical profession but the entire human race as well. There is not that gentle satire upon doctors for their pomp and pretense, their cocksureness and psychological deceptions, as one finds in *The Doctor's Dilemma,* but satire that scorns the simple credulity and idiocy of man. Man's faith in the folly of war is as much ridiculed in an implicit way

as his faith in the modern medicine man. Dr. Knock deceives the whole community into illness. He plays with people with cat-like stealthiness and treachery. He is an apostle of deception. He is more than Dr. Knock. He is a symbol of modern demagoguery. His influence and power are an illustration of man's surrender to the charlatanry of rulers whether they be in the political field, economic, or medical. People wish to be deceived. The War was the great deception. Still they crave further deception. Man is hopeless. Reform is ridiculous. There is but a sneer left for those with faith in the multitude, in leaders—or in intelligence. The only intelligent thing left for one to do is to sneer. To sneer at everything—even at one's self.

Life has become tragic nonsense—but one must sneer at the tragedy and laugh at the nonsense. And never take it too seriously.

In both of Romains' plays which revolve about the character of Trouhadec—*M. Le Trouhadec saisi par le De'Bauche* and *Le Mariage de la Trouhadec*—the same attitude and sentiment recur. A scion of Pangloss, Trouhadec, by his very buffoonery, satirizes everything in life which is serious. Whatever he is connected with immediately becomes ridiculous. His very success is an ironic joke. Through him man's antics are spun into the ludicrous. The world becomes a hurly-burly of bitter mirth. The Trouhadecs triumph. But what of it? Why take it so solemnly and lugubriously? The old generation spent its energies lamenting it, and attacking the conditions and circumstances that made it so. What idle waste of endeavor. Admit it, and laugh at it. Only cynicism is profound.

In the plays of Lenormand, this facetious cynicism fades into a maddening despair. In certain places there is almost the suicidal motivations of a modern Hegesias. In the dramas of Lenormand the sneer is replaced by scorn. *Failures* and *Time is a Dream* are both plays in which despair is the underlying motivation. Life is but a hopeless striving that inevitably ends in frustration. Ideals are useless. The world itself renders them absurd. Understanding is futile. Struggle cannot be avoided, nor the tragedy that invariably ensues. Everything is a morbid contradiction. Murder, suicide, delusion, are the prevailing destinies of man. Even the Schopenhaurian escape through the universals of art is but a verbal evasion. We are imprisoned by ourselves in a universe that is but a whirling embodiment of torture and terror. Evil pursues us like an obsession. In *L'Ombre du Mal* and *Une Vie Secrete*, and also in the definitely psychoanalytical play *Le Mangeur des Reves*, the essential dominance of evil in personality and in the ways of life is increasingly stressed almost to a point of mania. In *La Dent Rouge* the surrender of personality to a vicious environment is even more complete. The emancipatory enthusiasms of the young wife are crucified by a world that is too much for them. Winter falls with a terrible desolation upon impulse and aspiration. Courage suc-

cumbs to credulity, and the superstitions of an ancient folk stifle the eager insurrections of wife and husband. The village and the mountain conquer, and human protest is lost in human futility.

This same spirit in different forms and in devious devolopments, is not unfamiliar in Geraldy's dreams of sex, Bernard's plays of emotion made eloquent by silence, and even in the romances of Jean Sarment. *Robert et Marienne, Aimer, Martine* are all plays in which individual difficulties and disasters have taken on a new and more intimate cast. In these dramas, as in those of Romains and Lenormand, that idealism devoted to noble reform, emphatic in pre-war drama, is likewise absent. Rather there is that moral illness, that morbid moodiness which one finds in Drieu la Rochelle's volume *Le Jeune Europeen* or Montherlant's *Aux Fontaines du Desir.*

In stirring contrast to this hopelessness and cynicism embodied in the works of these various contemporaries stands the singular figure of Henry Barbusse. His work is as directly derivative of the World War as cubism and jazz are of the machine age. *Under Fire* was written by the war rather than by an individual. Nevertheless it was the war seen through the mind of a vigorous intelligence that refused to succumb to the easy retreat of Rolland or the cynical urbanities of Anatole France. In Barbusse's early novels *L'enfir* and *Les Suppliantes,* his volume of short stories *Nous Autres* and his volume of poems *Plereuses,* there was the spirit of gloom, resignation and defeat. Pessimism was predominant. Beginning with the letter which he addressed on August 9, 1914, to the editor of *L'Humanite,* the change in his attitude became marked. His original belief that the War was asocial war was soon shattered and unlike Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare, all war became for him a murderous madness. Still influenced by the vain rhetoric of Wilson, he retained, even at the time that he participated in the issuance of the *Manifesto* to the fighting intellectuals of the world, a belief in a kind of idealistic liberalism. It is not very long, however, before he realized (resurrection) that it was "towards the socialists that the soldiers of today and tomorrow will turn in steadily growing numbers" and that the hope of the future rested with the masses. This new attitude became increasingly emphatic in *Nous Accusons La Revolution Russe et Le devoir des Travailleurs.* For then on, with his work on *Clarte,* and his activity among *L'Association Republicanne des Anciens Combatants* his social vision became more and more clarified. Revolution replaced resignation and challenge superseded despair. While *Under Fire* had ended in a kind of disillusioned chaos *Light* concluded with its protagonist turned revolutionary. In *Chains, Jesus* and *Fait Divers* his revolutionary attitude has grown and spread. More and more Barbusse's work tends to express the social trend in literary advance. His characters represent the tremendous direction and force of movements rather than the clash and conflict of individuals. In these respects the work of

Barbusse is in the advance of its contemporaries in social tendency and revolutionary vision.

Side by side with these sick and callous cynicisms, amid which Barbusse is like an anamoly, still another sentiment has developed into an attitude. Shattered by post-war pessimisms, overwhelmed by the hopelessness of Western civilization, with nations spending at times over two billion dollars a day on their armed forces, while unemployment spreads and suffering increases, many souls have turned their eyes upon the East for inspiration. The East has assumed a subtle charm, precious and persuasive in its appeal. More, it has become a mystic touchstone of spiritual achievement. Its quiet acquiescences have become a surrogate for the exclamatory acquisitivenesses of the West. While Spengler pronounced the downfall of the West, it has been in French letters in particular that the East has been extolled. Radicals like Romain Rolland have become enchanted by this Eastern spell. The West is a night-mare of horros, hard, unyielding, and destructive. The East comes with fresh vision. Soft, tremulous with tender ecstasy, enticing in its very quietude, it holds forth a new hope for man.

> "There are a number of us in Europe for whom European civilization no longer suffices—dissatisfied children of the Spirit of the West, who feel ourselves cramped in our old abode. . . . . We few look towards Asia."

Definite words these, and coming from the pen of Rolland they gather in deep meaning. Rolland, once a radical and still perhaps a radical in what he would call a new way, reverts to Eastern civilization as a last remaining hope. Malraux, another French writer, exalts the East as the only civilization which has a soul. Even Paul Morand in his recent novel, *The Living Buddha,* is enamoured of the East. In a hundred different ways the Eastern theme enviegles the contemporary writers in France. If Paul Valery in his recent studies on the decay of Europe does not make retreat to Eastern mysticism, it is not because of any warm advocacy of the West or hopeful affection for its ideals.

Rolland's prophecy that:

> "India and China will finally vanquish Europe—a victory for the soul"

is no more mystical in its far flung vision, and dynamically no less unconvincing, than the emotional attack made upon it by Massis in his defense of a West dedicated to catholicism. Massis' western defense is no more cogent than Keyserling's empty Eastern ardors. Massis has been as much shaken by the tempests of recent years as have Rolland and Malraux. Massis' defense of the West is as mystical as Rolland's enthusiasm for the East. Both have been equally startled and shocked by the catastrophe of the World War. The logic of neither has escaped this influence. Rolland's retreat, with many of his contemporaries, is toward the East of Buddha and

Gandhi; Massis' is toward a Roman Catholicism that he construes as the new mystical necessity for the salvation of the West. Both men, and both groups, are mutually afraid of their own civilization. The fervid logic of Massis has about it those impractical faiths which were less glaring because more human and modest in the arguments of Belloc and Chesterton. Massis' Catholicism, when all is said, is as absurdly hopeless as Rolland's Eastern sesame, Romain's scabrous cynicisms, or Lenormand's mad despairs.

Everywhere in Europe revolt and reaction charged this way and that across the field of letters. Spengler and Keyserling were the German cousins of Massis and Rolland. Wassermann in many ways has repeated their attitude in the form of story and novel. Even authors with the radical tendencies of Hasenclever, Toller and Werfel have revealed traces of the same mystical escape in their art. *The Goose Man* ends with that symbolic imagery which transcends reality with a gesture of airy contempt. The cruel lacerations of earlier pages are somehow resolved and lost in the enchanting illusion, the soft enfoldments, of the finale. Christian Wahnschaffe in *The World's Illusion* yearns "to sing, to steep, to hide, to bury (himself) in the life of man"—but not the life of active man, man the social being, gripped by economic forces, destroyed by the very things he has created, but man in the abstract, a kind of spiritualized, incorporeal man.

"And what I shall do first of all—I shall vanish."

In this vanishment alone there is escape. Escape from life to the "seat of the Victorious and Perfect" where adoration of the spiritual prevails. In all of his fiction Wassermann stresses the bankruptcy of the old ideals and the old order. Man's escape must be in a more spiritual world than this. The horrors of the War left their traces in terms of separation and loneliness upon the lives of Faber and his household, and in other households it left death and destruction. Present-day Europe allows no escape from this even today. Only the realm of the spirit suggests release. A consumptive world becomes *A Magic Mountain* in the art of Thomas Mann, and with Hasenclever it evolves into a Mensch movement. Man suddenly becomes the center of chaos. In this mad exaltation of man, as if in some mystical way one could extract from him a spiritual essence that would change the universe, there was this same feverish futility of attitude and aspiration. With all of the intense desire to penetrate into causes, to disrobe the mind of pretense, and rediscover the soul bared of ornament and disguise, the Mensch movement really evaded the deeper issues which are at the basis of human tragedy in its contemporary form. Their very fear of reality, expressed for instance, in their disdain for politics, and affection for the things of the Spirit, attested their tendency to flee, when problems pressed, rather than to fight. Their challenge was individual,

rather than social. Their attitude was iconoclastic rather than revolutionary.

It is only as we move away from this mysticism that we meet the more active and progressive developments in contemporary German literature. The drama of social protest, for example, vigorous before the War, under the leadership of Hauptmann, of course, has changed countenance.

Social life and economic forces are no longer dramatized in the form of photographic realism, but are projected in various symbolisms that subtly reveal deeper things than could be communicated by the older methods. The simple sturdy realism which constituted the revolutionary sub-structure of *The Weavers* is converted into a curiously effective symbolism in Capek's *R. U. R.*[2] and a singularly fascinating expressionism in Toller's *Man and the Masses* and Werfel's *Goat Song.*

Before dealing with these striking developments in contemporary German drama which have grown out of the confusions and anarchistic impulsivenesses of the last decade, we must consider the evolution of a new attitude toward literature as a whole which has become part of a new philosophy. This new attitude we may vaguely describe as social in contradistinction to the old attitude which we shall call individualistic. Its most direct and definite expression is to be found in what is generally known as workers' drama and workers' literature, an expression of what is often called proletarian art. In Germany this literature and this art have matured to a point far beyond any other country save Soviet Russia. Within the scope of this new literature there is a certain marked clarity, while without it there is regnant confusion. This confusion which we have seen take such mystical turns in the work of so many contemporary writers runs rampant throughout the intellectual life of Germany. It is only in the workers' movement and its literature that a unity, which is almost miraculously singular in these times, is discovered to prevail.

Klauss Mann has expressed in a vivid and graphic way the confusion that exists:

> "The confusion seems tremendous to me; almost everything seems to be a question-mark. Which of us can say that he knows clearly the whence and whither of things? But of all things, art has become the most questionable.

[2] It is extraordinarily significant to observe that this play in the original, revolved about (R. U. R.) Rossom's *Universal Working Men,* not Rossom's *Universal Robots.* The word Robot (carried over for instance, from the Russian word meaning worker, *rabotnik*) gave to the play an element of the fancy which made critics and audiences visualize it as something remote from reality, an expression merely of fantastic prophecy. Capek, on the other hand, had a more direct meaning to impress. His play was a social play—a social satire. But more, it was a play with a class struggle basis, radiant with revolutionary attack and not a mere figment of fancy decorated into a drama. The class struggle factor was largely obscured in the translation.

> "Young actors come from their dressing-rooms—not those who are failures and are bitter and disgusted; no, those who are recognized and praised—but still they ask, sadly and hopelessly: Why do we give ourselves? Why are we doing this? And if we should play with all our souls, nobody would be fundamentally interested in our work. What is art today? The young people go to boxing matches and automobile-races. When Samson and Breitenstrater have a fight 16,000 people get excited, but who comes when we play *Goethe* or *Berthold Brecht?* The theater will soon close—and besides, one earns more in the movies."[3]

In a later paragraph he adds, with penetrating clarity—

> "A World War lies between us and our fathers, a sort of revolution. The gods have torn us far apart."[4]

In these last words we have again the summary of much that we have endeavored to indicate and stress in this essay. Then came the War. A World War separates the two generations. The chaos that followed this War invaded every avenue of existence. Faiths have been abandoned. Mysticism, cynicism, confusion—these prevail. Reality repels. In the words of Lenormand's hero in *Une Vie secrete* we have the same sentiment expressed:

> "I create without knowing. As soon as I know I do not have any more faith. There is then, between Nature and myself, a mirror in which I see myself, with my doubts, my remorse, my fears. I survey myself. I am a tortured man."

This is anti-intellectual, which is part of the spirit of the age. It is as confirmed in the plays of Pirandello as in those of Lenormand. The intellect, logic, science, have only led us to disaster. We need something else, something new, something more intricate and spiritual. This craving for the mystical is a craving to escape the disruptive confusions of these harrowing years. Even the Germans who maintained an attitude of balance and equilibrium during the War surpassing every other nation,[5] have been shaken into chaos during these recent years of storm and stress.

One clear development, intimately interlinked with the workers' drama, which we alluded to in a preceding paragraph, has been the simple spun contrivances of what we may describe as a social esthetic. This social esthetic chalks the growth of the social attitude

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[3] Translated from *Die Neue-Runschen;* March, 1926.

[4] Ibid.

[5] While the English and the French stage descended to debauchery and war propaganda of the most unintelligent variety, the German stage even during the turnip-years of 1916-18, when starvation spread like a cancer, remained astonishingly dignified and almost incorruptible. Shakespeare was played more often in Germany than in England. War madness did not exclude British dramas from the German rostrums. In the year 1914, for instance, in the city of Keln (Colon) there were 262 performances of high class opera, 397 performances of fine drama; in 1916 there were still 218 performances of high class opera, and 262 performances of fine drama—in other words, despite the greatest handicaps and diversities, especially during the years of the blockade, the theater was uncorrupted by jingoism and war-mad prejudices.

in dynamic literary form. On the Munich stage during the season 1924-1926, this new approach made signal progress.

> "We are talking here of an ideal conspiracy, an ideal community of thought. And it is just this unifying instinct of style and substance, this atmosphere, which created that condensation of climaxes in mystifying moments of tension, and which determine content, time, rhythm—these are the real characteristics of this revolutionary stage. If there is a type of actor, grown mighty in *his* time, a representative of *our* experiences, *our* emotions, and *our* will to art, then it is here, in this group, entering its first stage of development. Without pattern, or conscious rigidity, and without claim upon immediate discovery by the ruling critique . . . the tendency here is no more to emphasize or cultivate the star, the 'name,' the wonder, but the instrumentally expressed community, isolated, almost depersonalized, the concert of word, motion, color, and light. The concentration of the complex into the simple, the concentration of that force native to dramatic climax into a dynamic synthesis—that is the achievement of this stage. But this is possible only when the actor submits to the service, to the pristine rigor, of his calling, when he divorces himself from aggressive vanity and from that conception of his office, which until quite recently was his only unit of evaluation."[6]

These endeavors on the Munich stage to eliminate the individualistic and emphasize the social are novel only in their manner of development. Stanislavski, as is well-known, had attempted this revolution in emphasis with the organization of his Moscow Art Theatre in 1898. In a sense, of course, this Munich stage is striving to advance beyond Stanislavski. While it may not be following the more extreme experimentations of Meierhold, its stress upon the social is more adventurous and progressive, in a way one may even say more modern, than that of Stanislavski. What is being done on the Munich stage in the socialization of the drama, of course, is but part of an entire movement in this direction which is to be detected in many places in the German theatre today. Even in the German youth movement, for instance, one finds this tendency conspicuous. Here we find mass-recitations, often proletarian in theme, and revolutionary in conclusion. Sometimes they take the form of a vast dance, in which acting is part of a gorgeous pageantry, and the wildness of nature is the theatre. The symbolic play with the struggle between the generations as its theme, old age crushed by youth, is to be seen upon frequent occasions. The revolt against the old ideals, of youth, the exploited, against age, the exploiters, is often dramatized by these groups. This art often is insignificant, but it indicates the advance of an attitude that once would have been despised as meaningless and barren of beauty.

We have, then, the clear emergence of a social esthetic out of moral chaos. The confusions of the age are only beginning to be dissolved in the rise of a new attitude toward life, and a new recognition of the place of art in its change and growth. The horrible fear and indecision manifest in *Die Jungen*—

[6] *The Munich Stage. Der Zweibelfisch*, 1926; vol. 3-4.

> "Fear is great among them (Youth). They scream at each other in terrifying voices, loud with dismay.—What are you? And answer, invariably: You are nothing and we all are nothing."

And again:

> "The generation of our fathers had . . . . arisen in dignity and assurance . . . . it had found its expression. And then came the horrible climax, the bloody holocaust—the war and with it the great consuming restlessness. Then was born this confusion . . . . which is that of a generation, of a whole age . . . . that distressing restlessness which had the power to destroy the old but has been unable to create a new."[7]

All this is characteristic of the confused, unsteady attitude of the present generation, finding its voice amid a life that bewilders by its very complexity and chaos.

> "The cry of our Youth is Whither, Whither?"[8]

The evolution of a social esthetic is a partial answer. The growth of this social attitude in art is in response to a great human need, paramount in these times of severe strain. It is only in poetry and prose dedicated to social vision, that a certain clarity fumbles its way out of this chaos. If the verse of Steinback and Grisar lacks the grace and beauty of that of Dehnel, it is not because their vision is less poetic than their great predecessor, or that they know less clearly what they want to say, but that they have less talent as poets. It is in this group of worker poets and worker dramatists that a new stability is being attained through a new vision of the function of poetry and drama as an expression of social life. In Grisar's poem *The Factory* and Steinbach's poems on *Women and Revolution*, we see this motif in active form. Pretzang's *Daughters of Labor*, crude in technique, nevertheless, expresses the same unity of idea and purpose in the substance of drama. Piscator in his theatre, and the original Volksbuhne, from which he revolted, all tried to cultivate, as far as possible, this same outlook upon the drama. The drama was to subserve social ends. It was to be a workers' drama, and not a leisure-class one. This attitude is manifest throughout the many and devious applications of this new concept of social purpose in art.

What we have, then, evolving out of the catastrophic conditions of contemporary European life is, on the one hand, an obvious plunge into mysticism as the simplest escape from reality, and, on the other, a deliberate dive into realism at the clearest way of understanding reality. The one is ultra-individualistic and the other is ultra-social. The more abstruse developments of modern art, for instance, whether they be in the form of the discords of Stravinsky, or the pyrotechnical cacophonies of Schoenberg, the cubism of Picasso, or the fantastic futurisms of Marineti; the expressionism

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[7] *Die Jungen,* Klaus Mann.
[8] Ibid.

of Joyce and Cocteau, or the impudent dadaisms of Gertrude Stein—these have all tended toward an individualism in expression that has rapidly turned art into an experiment in the esoteric. These developments have steadily removed art from any closeness which it once had with the masses. They have robbed it of any deep social meaning of significance. They manifest those technical extremes to which individualism in art can attain. The ultimate attainment, of course, is where the art object can only be understood by the one who created it. In instances, various trends, fugitive in character, have almost achieved this extraordinary isolation. The Dadaists were not a great distance from its attainment. If undisciplined, this tendency is capable of endless disintegration. Although fascinating in its various form and ramifications, such art must inevitably fail of wide advocacy or appreciation. It is ingrown rather than expansive. Its appeal is narrowed into a very small and confined radius. Its influence, as a consequence, can never be profound in the life of a people. Its social power is nugatory. It is, in a few words, an art for the artists.

This ultra-individualism in art, as would be expected, finds its antipodes in the ultra-social art of the revolutionary poet and dramatist. Here we find a definite attempt to make art exclusively social. Its aim is to move the people, not the artists. Its desire is to infuse enthusiasm and appreciation through clarity and challenge, not bewilder and confuse through cerebral whims and whatnots and the devious devices of a strange and involved technique. In Pretzang's *Daughters of Labor,* for example, we have a simple illustration of this difference in express form. This play is not remarkable in either structure or substance. It is, nevertheless, vigorous in its attack upon capitalism, and engaging in its revelation of the life of the worker. It is a play that immediately evokes response through recognition, and inspires emotional ardor through directness and intelligibility of plot and the steady accumulation of graphic detail. It is straightforward drama, revolutionary in substance but not in structure. This is the most obvious tendency in the evolution of workers' drama, and the general development of social literature.

In between we have another synthesis. As we have seen, we have on one side this highly-involved individualism, and on the other, this distinctly uninvolved anti-individualism; or one might almost say socialism, in modern art and literature. The synthesis in between naturally includes a mingling of both tendencies; it retains something of the iconoclastic technique of the individualistic trend and has adopted much of the revolutionary substance of the social. In fact we may even say that it has, in many instances, simplified without destroying the subtlety of the individualistic technique, and strengthened without denying the reality of the social. Toller's *Man and the Masses* instances this type in vivid form. Werfel's

Goat Song is in the same category; also his *Jaurez and Maximilian* and *Schweiger* are certainly not to be excluded. Maiser's *Die Koralle* and the two parts of *Gas* are in the same genre. Even the eccentric deviations of Hasenclever's *Der Soun* do not prevent it from calling within the same group. In all of these plays you find a striking illustration of the subjective intermingling with the objective. The personality of the author projects itself into his interpretation of external events. Neither the author is lost nor the world of which he is a part and an expression.

There is revolt in the work of all of these men. While their symbolism and expressionism represent revolt in technique, their substance represents revolt in social life. In fact, we have in this middle, or in-between school, an arresting clue as to the enormity of the change that is working its way into the substances of contemporary literature, and likely to deepen its influence in the literature of the future. The entire direction of this school, including consideration of the occasional mysticism to which its various authors at divers times have been prone, has been emphatically social. What does this mean? What is its significance? What does it reveal in terms of the contemporary world? It means that the general stress in literature rests upon the social rather than the individualistic attitude, and that, in the vicissitudes of change that are bound to develop in the coming generations, it is the social outlook which will prevail. How precisely this is true can be realized only upon closer scrutiny of the literature of the epoch. Let us take the plays of Werfel and Toller as typical. In *The Goat Song,* for instance, as in *Man and The Masses, The Machine Wreckers*— or if we wish to make another comparison, Capek's *R. U. R.,* the predominant motif is social. In the play of Werfel, the monstrosity is symbolic of revolution. Each of the characters has a social significance more striking than the character as an individual. The struggle between social forces is even more decisive and undeniable in *Jaurez and Maximilian.*

In this play, which is a re-creation of the Mexican conflict of the sixties, a struggle of social philosophies is projected. In comparison with *The Goat Song* the developments in the tragedy are minor in scope, small in design, but in the clash of philosophic conflict the play takes on a breadth that elevates it above the ordinary run of historical drama. In endeavoring to interpret the drama one must bear in mind Werfel's antecedents and affiliations. He is a member of that world of intellectual bourgeoisie that was so profoundly shell-shocked by the war. The ideas of the pre-war generation have been shattered. The illusions of a humanitarian Utopia have been splintered into myriad fragments. A mental chaos has resulted. The old virtues no longer inveigle or enchant. There are no final criteria remaining in which the young humanitarian can fasten his faith. This is not the state of Werfel's mind, but the

state of mind of that entire group of intellectual bourgeoisie that has been driven from an affection for the old, the high ideals that were the fife and drum to inspirational impulse in the nineteenth century, to a bewildered groping for the new, the realities that are so drastic in their rigid outlines and so alien in their unsentimental relativity and ruthlessness. Like Wassermann, Werfel is in economic protest against the old order, but is uncertain and dubious in his decision as to the new. Sensitive to the soft and tender, he cannot steel himself to accept the harsh and rigorous. It is so much sweeter to dream of revolutions than to experience them. To admit necessity and to accept it are two different and disparate reactions. Werfel, like Pretzang and Galsworthy, admits the necessity, but cannot adjust himself to its acceptance. His early experience had prepared himself for a more flexible and comforting world. Unlike Wassermann in *The World's Illusion,* however, Werfel does not lose himself in the retreat of the ascetic or the resignation of the Tolstoyan.

In *Jaurez and Maximilian* the battle of the old order with the new is given forceful dramatization. Maximilian is the remnant of the old type, the idealist, still struggling with the ghosts of dreams that have even thinned in shadow. Jaurez is the incarnation of the new type, the realist, grappling with realities, meeting them with inexorable hand, changing them, twisting them, crucifying them even at the cost of vision and virtue in order to control them for social end. In brief, Maximilian is an embodiment of the beautiful but ineffectual idealist. He would make Mexico a lovely country through the medium of a benevolent monarchy. His idealism is exploited. His life is made a travesty of beneficent ambition. The martyrdom of his struggle is the result of his fatuous faith in aspiration and illusion. He is the echo of a past that can but beat frantically and impotently against the door of the future—his hope in monarchy as a realization of the exquisite generosity of a great ruler is dead except in the brain of the archaic—

> "Diaz: The foundation of monarchy is stupidity and decadence. Do you know that Prince von Hapsburg? The accusation! Archduke Maximilian. You came, the strangest sort of a stranger, into this country which did not concern you. You made yourself the tool of Napoleon and of those captains of industry who gladly shed blood to float more stock."

In Diaz' word, "Jaurez has never dreamed." "Jaurez is dreamless reason," the new type to supersede the Maximilians and Wilsons is given graphic description. In Jaurez we perceive an unmistakable resemblance to Lenin.

Diaz' declaration to Labastida, the archbishop of Mexico and Puebla, is signal:

> "Diaz: I wouldn't conduct any war that was not a moral crusade. That is the only excuse on earth for violence. I am not fighting Maximilian, who is a martyr to his birth and your rascality. I am

fighting the whole tribe of grafters and jingoists, slave drivers and ghouls, who have raised his throne as a screen for their crimes. I'll wreck and uproot every last one of them. I'll have no mercy for them."

And, finally in Maximilian's confession of failure, the motif of the play is rendered its revealing touch:

"Maximilian: Guilt is not to be great enough for one's deeds. Failure is guilt. My idea of a radical monarchy was unreal. Therefore the error must be in myself; guilt. The age of royalty is over. In the shipwreck of the privileged classes poor little kings must perish. The hour of the dictators has come, Jaurez."

In his novel, *The Death of the Petty Bourgeois*[9] Werfel is equally direct in his analysis of the social factor. Herr Fiala, the protagonist, is the petty bourgeois who will not die. The story of this character is simple and arresting. The symbolism is exquisite. Herr Fiala is the possessor of an insurance policy which upon the attainment of his sixty-fifth year will be worth a large premium. His life is spent with his wife and her sister, who is a querulous spinster, and his son, who is an epileptic. The entire theme of the story revolves about the fact that Fiala will not die until he achieves his sixty-fifth year, and the premium has been earned. Several months before the sixty-fifth year has been attained Fiala is seized with a fatal illness. His death is predicted for an early date in December. It is necessary for him to live until January 5th, however, if the premium is to be paid to his wife. Despite prediction, Fiala does not die. In this struggle to survive, Fiala is only symbolic. He is symbolic of the petty bourgeois in Vienna today. They are being squeezed and mercilessly pressed upon every quarter. Yet against every odd and against every oppression, they survive. Or perhaps it might more accurately be said, they fight to survive. The comment of the doctor is illuminating:

"A disgusting affair, the *business* of that fellow who will not die."

In another place the doctor's remark is equally signal:

"It's only the bourgeois philistines who die differently. Even the most obscure ones. Every philistine has his own method of refusing to die. That's because he fears to lose something else along with it. A bank account, a filthy bankbook, a respected name, an old tumble-down sofa. To put it in a phrase: a respectable citizen, is one who possesses a secret."

It need scarcely be added that the subtlety of this symbolism is superb. Its study of Fiala as an individual as penetrating and cogent as well as its study of him as a symbol. In the other characters we find other elements emphasized. In the epileptic son, Franzl, there is the symbolic decay of the old order. His epilepsy and aberrations signify the disease that has already consumed the old

[9] Inaccurately and misleadingly published in America under the title of *The Man Who Conquered Death.*

diaphragm. The loud-mouthed, pugnacious sister-in-law is not less symbolic of the general decay, the passing felicity of the old bourgeois home, and the breakdown of its ideas. The submissiveness of the wife today is archaic except in the remnants of such homes. She provides a touching contrast to the modern woman of resolution, independent assertion and mien.

If the symbolism of this novel is less complex than that of *The Goat Song,* and less sweeping and grandiose than that our Jaurez and Maximilian, it is not less delicate and exquisite. If it lacks power, it does not lack conviction. Its grace and charm are irresistible.

If we leave Werfel and turn to Toller, we find in *Man and the Masses* again the social and not the individualistic factor featured. The Nameless One, for instance, is symbolic of social revolution; the Woman is the embodiment of pacifism, and the soft-spirited sentimentalists who plead for peace even in the face of war and revolution. She is not an individual, as Madame Bovary is, or Henry Esmond, but a social type, an expression of a social attitude in dramatic form. The plea of the play, for instance, is a plea for pacifism rather than revolution—although many revolutionists have misconstrued it as a play advocating revolution, and, therefore, employed it as a "revolutionary" drama. Surely it is more anarchistic than communistic in theme. Nevertheless, its social tendency cannot be denied. It is a social drama. *The Machine-Wreckers,* too, is social in content. Its characters, its Jimmy and its John Wibley, are social types and not individual characters. This tendency to stress the group rather than the individual is even more obvious in *R. U. R.* In fact, it is present in so many currents in contemporary literature. In Kellerman's *November 9th* and *The Sea,* in Barbusse's *Chains,* Theiss' *Gateway of Life,* Verga's *Mastro-don-Gesualdo,* Kaiser's *Die Burger von Calais,* Duhamel's *Les Hommes Abandonnes* and *Civilization,* Sternheim's *Burgher Schippel* and *Tabula Aasa*—in a score of present-day novels, stories and dramas in every European literature, this movement toward the social attitude and away from the individual is signal.

There is the cry of youth in this struggle for a literature of social challenge. In Warfel's poem *Wir Sind,* he epitomizes something of this youthful spirit in the simple line: "Ich bin ja noch ein Kind." The vast transitionary nature of all this change and chaos is evident in Kaiser's observation upon the life that confronts the living artist and which he must interpret:

> "The humanity of our day must resolve itself upon this: to regard itself as in a state of transition between the mankind that is, and the mankind that is to come."

This drama of Kaiser, Hasenclever, Werfel and Toller, different as it is from the drama of the Hauptmann school, is transitionary drama. Its urge, on the whole, is more social than individualistic.

This fact is of great importance. In a sense, German drama has been more advanced and radical, more expressionistic and revolutionary, than any other drama in contemporary Europe with the exception of Soviet Russia. The recent success of Piscator, phenomenally rapid and widespread as it has been, indicates something of the immediate sweep of this tendency. The conflict now in Germany certainly leans strongly on the side of the social revolutionaries, who have utilized a number of the expressionistic stage-tricks in order to modernize and vivify their own ideas.

This socialization of the drama is in strict coherence with the trend of the times. The socialization of life, the intensifying clash of social forces, have made group existence and social struggle more significant than individual conflict and individual achievement. The individual becomes steadily less conspicuous in literary creation. The group idea supersedes the individual. Stanislavski's early revolt against the star now becomes, in new hands, a more definite and crystallized attitude which strikes down at the very basis of a new and comprehensively revolutionary conception. In Toller and Werfel, as we have seen, individual characters, in the last analysis, are expressions of social attitudes and economic struggle, translated often into spiritual form. In Soviet Russia, this tendency has developed in a far more extensive and intricate way. If we take a poem such as Bloc's *Twelve,* Mayakovsky's *150 Million,* or novels such as Liebedinsky's *A Week,* Vierresaev's *The Deadlock,* Taras Rodionov's *Chocolate,* Ghadkov's *Cement,* Ivanov's *Americans*—in fact, if you take almost any novel or drama of contemporary Russia, with the exception of occasional fictions of the vestigial type such as Tzensky's *Transformation,* you will find this social attitude paramount. This is a fact of singular historical significance. It brings us to several comparisons and contrasts that are of great value in any endeavor to understand and interpret literature as a life force and life expression. In the so-called *mass-drama* the contrast is one of immense and startling sweep. One illustration will suffice. In the *political mystery* a mass-drama of tremendous proportions, called in Soviet Russia *Storming the Winter Palace,* we discover this new type in striking evidence. Here is a dramatic spectacle in which the entire movement is social. It is a magnificent achievement effected upon a gigantic scale. Beginning with 1,500 people as actors, it rises to a crescendo in which over 100,000 are active in its climax. Pupils, peasants, workers, actors, amateurs, soldiers, sailors—all mass themselves into one stupendous ensemble in the projection of this driving drama. With red and white lights flowing in upon the respective scenes and situations as they shift and change in the large square facing the Winter Palace in Leningrad, one is confronted with a marvelous picturization of what can actually be accomplished in mass theatrics.

From the point of view of our analysis, the importance of this

mass drama is to be found in its relation to the new mass life which is slowly being created in the Soviet Union. The drama now, literature now, are first and foremost a part of life—the life of the mass. The intention is to dramatize life for the worker, so that eventually the drama will become part of the human expression in art form of the workers' and peasants' existence. This is to make art an active part of life, and not an excrescence, however exquisite. It is to make art have a persistent meaning for the mass and not for little groups, isolated in eyries of their own device. In order to bring about this revolutionary change, the Soviet government has organized theaters all over Russia. The village now has its theater as well as the city. There are more theaters in one of the Volga districts, for instance, than in the whole of France.[10] Everywhere the state endeavors to give aid to theatric enterprise. This attitude has greatly furthered the development of a socialized art in the Soviet Republics. There is thus a synchronization of art impulse and social life. A social art grows out of a world that has grown increasingly social. A mass art tends to evolve in an environment in which the mass is esteemed rather than scorned, and where the art develops as an expression of mass life. That the connection between these two factors, social art and social life, is not a product merely of the accidental and capricious, is interestingly illustrated by an arresting historical parallel. Mass drama and social art had a very active and vivid existence in the Middle Ages, when life among the people, despite caste distinction and the predatory exploitations of the aristocracy, was comparatively social in aspect. The medieval drama as a whole, or the French farce in particular, reveal this tendency in marked detail. This drama and this farce were the expression of a people, the manifestation of group impulse in dramatic form. The social life of the time, in town and village, was cooperative rather than competitive. The open-field system of production, the tendency to fixed prices and wages, the outlawry of usury as an economic practice, the limitations of wealth, and the general curbing of acquisitiveness except on the part of the upper classes, all led to a different outlook upon life than the one we have come to know in our individualistic and acquisitive age. The drama then, in the first mystery play of Romanus and in the last French farce of the medieval school, was a thing created for the people and often by them. With the disappearance of the sociality of the Middle Ages, however, social art weakened and died. Individualistic art, with individual struggle instead of social as its distinguishing characteristic, was born in the renaissance that set itself upon the world with the outburst of the commercial and later the industrial revolutions. Social art became an obscure recollection. Today with the revival of a social attitude toward life, and

[10] H. Carter, *The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia.*

with the mass again active in participation in other ways of existence than the purely economic, we have a revival of social art. As the worker becomes a more organized class, and his revolt becomes charged with a deepening intelligence, his influence upon literature as upon life becomes more and more definite and distinct. Writers from his own class arise to interpret his struggle, and writers from other classes, touched by his tragedy, frequently dedicate their talent, or at least a part of it, to the challenge of his cause.

Thus, from the bewildering pell-mell of confusion that followed the World War, we have emerging a set of new attitudes and conceptions had begun to deploy themselves in uncertain array before the War, but it was the chaos of the War that gave them opportunity to strengthen and solidify. The flippancy and cynicism which have sharpened into a sentiment that has overtaken so much of the aimless literature of our era is but one faucet through which the new attitudes have been able to flow and form. The melancholy mysticism which has softened into an attitude akin to despair at one moment, and deceived by futile aspiration at others is a reaction in which another part of the spirit of the age is expressed. In the oxymoronic poetry of the modern gongorists flippancy is fused with the mystical and we have reason run reasonless. The dizzying madness of intensifying isolation, attaining its perfection in cultism and conception, individualism at last lost in the ultimately individual, is another and perhaps the most curious manifestation of the iconoclasms that have broken upon the art of our day. And last of all, and more firmlly entrenched than any, is the social trend in literature which voices the deeper and more abiding urge and challenge of our age. In this trend we find a new faith which is allied to the moving forces of life. It rises above the flippancies and cynicisms of the irresponsible moderns, and sees in the gorgorisms and grotesqueries of the unadulterated expressionists an example of the excesses that signify decay. And yet it is not the faith of the mystic who pins his aspiration to another planet, or goes in search of new continents for escape. It is a coming to, and not an escape from, life. It is an actively developing, and not a desultory fugitive attitude which it vivifies. Its intent is to widen and not narrow the scope of art. It seeks to socialize art so that it will be infused with a more human and intelligible meaning. It would make art serve man, as a thing of beauty, and not man serve art, as a thing of escape. To do this means to revolutionize art as well as life.

Whither Trotzky?

Louis Fischer

THE other day, Russian papers carried a news item about the arrival of Leon Trotzky in Frunze, a town in Turkestan not far from the place to which he has been banished. The crowd at the station, the report said, saw the fallen leader's hunting dog, his seventy pieces of baggage and the fine wagon put at his disposal, and inquired, "Who is this lord who travels in such state?" The obvious intention of the item is to create an impression of Trotzky's bourgeois proclivities. He is a luxury-loving "barin."

Now any one acquainted with Leniniana knows that while Lenin was in exile in Siberia he, too, went hunting and, naturally, with setters. Trotzky has an old passion for the chase. Also, even the Czarist Okhrana occasionally permitted revolutionaries to have their libraries. Trotzky's wooden cases enclosed only a small part of his personal collection of books.

To broadcast this story in an attempt to smuggle still another bad impression of the "bourgeois tendencies" of Trotzky into the minds of simple, hard-living proletarians is not a very fair way of fighting. Indeed, the entire plane of the struggle between the Opposition and the Ceca Majority has been miles beneath the plane of previous discussions that shook the party. Not a few Communists are ashamed of this fact.

I have, of late, been diving into the minutest details of the dispute in the Communist party regarding the ratification of the "Peace of Violence" which Germany, at the point of the sword, offered the Bolshevists after Trotzky's famous "No War, No Peace" declaration in Brest Litovsk. Lenin said, Sign and let us have a breathing space. Bukharin said, No, proclaim a holy, revolutionary war against the invaders.

The battle was long and bitter. The future of the revolution and the fate of Russia were at stake. At one meeting Lenin ultimatively threatened to withdraw from the government and from the party leadership if his point of view were not adopted. Yet Bukharin voted against the Lenin resolution. Later the Bukharin fraction (it was frankly called a fraction) resigned from the Ceca reserving for itself the right to continue its agitation against the peace within the party and *outside its ranks,* and started its own daily, edited by Bukharin, Radek and Uritzky, which they jammed full of attacks on the "empty phrases of Comrade Lenin." Even when the party congress of March 4-6, 1918, the highest authority for a Communist, cast a conclusive ballot against the Bukharin fraction, they did not give up their position, did not forego their opposition, and did not accept election into the Central Committee. Obviously, then, the fight was serious enough. It raged in the face

of an armed enemy and when the regime was weak. But it was always comradely. Lenin begged Bukharin, Uritzky and Lomov to remain in the Ceca. The party offered them complete freedom of speech and press. There was no personal pettiness. No one was arrested, or exiled or imprisoned.

The introduction of the GPU into the more recent fray is not a happy innovation. The party ought to be able to solve its problems without recourse to the administrative organs of the state. Moreover, this may prove an uncomfortable precedent. Not long ago I saw a letter written to Bukharin by Zorin, a member of the Trotzky group. He reminded the stormy editor of the *Pravda* that he has been in opposition before and may be there again. And then will he like it if the GPU deals with him as it dealt with Trotzky, Rakovsky, Radek, etc.? Zorin's was not a foolish question. There is already another opposition in the party.

It is still inchoate, unorganized and more a sympathy than a faction. While the Trotzky opposition was still on the scene, but when its doom had been sealed, a few of us here deduced logically and very simply that the disappearance of the Left Opposition would be followed by the emergence of a Right Opposition that would alarm the center. The Left was Trotzky. The Center is Stalin and Bukharin. The Right is Rykov, Tomsky, Kalinin, and sometimes Rudzutak, sometimes Voroshilov.

When the seven-hour day was originally discussed in the party's Political Bureau, Kalinin, Tomsky, and Voroshilov voted "No" on the proposition. This is taken as measure of their Right-ness though the objections of Trotzky were based on other grounds. Against this Right orientation stands only the Stalin-Bukharin-Molotov combination which, however, has lost its central position to become an exposed flank. Before November, Stalin was able to balance Right against Left and retain a position of vantage for his own group. Now, with no one to neutralize the pull of the Right, he has to move to the right or resist the pull at the expense of his own energy rather than by the use of a non-existent Left.

One almost expects that Stalin, brilliant strategist that he is, will create a new Left for his own windshield. Certainly, if the Right gathers too much strength, a Left, in ideology closely related to Trotzky, must come to the fore. It is too early to give a finished judgment on this development or to venture a prophecy. In the end, of course, economic conditions, non-party political tendencies, and foreign affairs will be decisive. Stalin's control of the party apparatus, however, is an extremely important factor in the situation.

Open to attack, faced with the responsibility of governing, and in an effort to resist the peasantry's loud demand for a sharp turn to the Right, Stalin has undertaken the offensive. One concrete move is the replacement of Smirnov, Commissar of Agriculture, who

is said to be pro-kulak, by Kubyak, formerly a close co-worker of Stalin in the party secretariat.

It now appears that Stalin was quite sincere when the last party congress, completely under his influence, resolved to persecute the kulak. It was not mere demagogy as some Oppositionists believed and said. This is one of the legacies of Trotzky Opposition: the infection of the Stalinites with leftism.

Stalin has consented to the present campaign against the richer peasant partly under the effects of Trotzky propaganda, partly to convince the party that he is not really Right nor pro-kulak as the Opposition would have it, but largely in an attempt to solve the temporarily diastrous grain collection and grain export situations. There has been a return to the methods of Military Communism in the village (to the methods, not to the system as a whole). The need is not merely to collect surplus grain from the peasants for export purposes but also to reduce the buying capacity of the village which has been rising faster than the productivity of industry. Under other circumstances and if the party were not tremendously interested in industrialization, the solution would be the importation of the necessary manufactured articles. Such an escape, however, apart from the damage it would cause Soviet factories, would endanger the stability of the chervonetz. The only other alternative, therefore, is for the Bolshevists to check the buying power of the rural population. This Stalin proposes to do by ordinary taxation, by special taxation, by internal loans, by popularizing savings banks, and by similar means which will place peasant money at the disposal of the city. This is Stalin's swing to the Left.

But there are reasons to believe that the methods now being applied are temporary. They are required to tide the administration over a difficult season. I doubt whether it will be politically expedient to continue them too long. The peasant is not pleased. Stalin's Leftism may therefore be a prelude for Rykov's Rightism.

Conditions are far from being so critical as to warrant or necessitate desperate measures. Nor is Stalin the man to grow frantic. He is strong, cool, and collected. What the government, under party instructions, is now doing in the villages—forcing those peasants who have it to sell their surplus bread—may be Stalin's move to win the approval of the anti-peasant proletariat and of the anti-kulak wing in the party, or it may be his way of discovering whether things can go on as before or whether more concessions must be made to the village.

The village wants more economic freedom to grow and get rich. The revolution provided it with the possibility of doing so, and has, to some extent, helped it to realize this possibility. But the lack of foreign credits, and the failure of the international revolution to eventuate places the burden of the Russian city, that is, of industrialization, too squarely upon the shoulders of the mujhik and thus

retards the rate of his progress. (It would be fascinating, if space permitted, to explain this in detail.)

To be sure, industrialization must, in the long run, redound to the benefit of the nation's rural population. Even if a purely peasant, non-Communist government sat in the Kremlin its policy could not be to make of the country an agricultural colony of industrialized Europe and America. That would be economic and political suicide. But at present the price of over-rapid industrialization, over-rapid from the point of view of the peasant, is too high not only in the sense that the village must pay too much for goods but that it must suffer from measures which, because they further industrialization, hamper its own advance. Therefore the peasant grumbles.

The peasant wants the city to give him more for his products. He also wants better, cheaper, and more products from the city. When the potentialities created by the revolution shall have been exploited, a quantity of wealth will exist from out of which these wishes can be satisfied. But the matter is pressing and cannot wait the uncertain number of years required for such a development.

This is the crux of the problem. If the cost of industrial production could be lowered by the aid of foreign loans, greater efficiency, reduced wastage, increased rationalization, etc., the resulting margin might be handed down to the peasant for his appeasement. But a reduction of 50 per cent. is scarcely possible and even that would barely suffice. Remains the worker.

The worker has already been sacrificing. Individual productivity and output are rising faster than wages. There has been a slight restriction of social insurance benefits. Less capital may this year be invested in state industries than was planned. All this, nevertheless, is not enough. The proletariat must agree to give more for its bread and take less for its work—and work more—before the peasant would be happy.

The proletariat, however, is in no mood to surrender its advantages or to retire from its commanding heights. On the contrary, the recent campaign for the renewal of collective agreements between state producers and their employees showed that the workers were even prepared to strike in order to effect their demands. Moreover, the trade unions displayed an independence and spirit of fight that augurs ill for any new policy of extensive encroachment on the preserves of the proletariat.

As between the peasantry, then, with its huge economic weight and passive power, and the proletariat, economically important and politically insuperable, we seem to be faced with a situation where an irresistible force has met an immovable object.

There is one section of the structure that can give way without too much general commotion. The restrictions on the economic expansion of the peasant can be lifted. This is the policy of the

Rykov Right. The mujhik today can rent only a limited acreage, he may hire only a limited number of hands, and own only a limited number of horses, cattle, machines, etc. But even though he remain within these limits, the richer peasant or kulak is deprived of his vote, which all peasants prize very highly, and exposed to other political disabilities. In recent years, especially since 1925, there has been a slow gentle easing of the restrictions accompanied by a more liberal interpretation of the term *kulak*. And now the kulak would like the government to go the whole course and guarantee him and his sredniak (middle peasant) friend complete freedom to grow.

The policy of the party has been a general increase in the welfare of the entire village but not the enrichment of one of its classes at the expense of another. In recent years this became more and more difficult and often resulted directly in obstructing the growth of the kulak without compensating benefits to the rest of the rural population.

In 1925 Bukharin tried to meet the situation by proclaiming "Enrich Yourself" to the individual peasant. But Krupskaya, Trotzky and others objected vehemently and Bukharin soon repented and withdrew the slogan with apologies. The party was not ready for the change and the country did not demand it so vociferously. Now Bukharin may serve as a bridge between the pro-enrichment Rykov Right and Stalin.

"Enrich Yourself" and all the reforms it must carry with it in the village will, needless to say, again create problems for the city. The whole thing is an endless chain. But those problems do not cry for solution today. Moreover, a policy of concessions to the peasantry will, probably, find favor abroad not so much for sentimental or ideological reasons but simply because it would mean better business, and that favor must express itself in the form of credits that will benefit industry and the proletariat.

If these concessions are complete and far reaching, the proletariat will pay less now and more in the end. If they are only partial and grudgingly made to boot, the worker will have to contribute his sacrifice in some form or another. These are the alternatives. My own guess is that the latter choice will be preferred.

Is there room for Trotzky in the politics of a country where these are the practical possibilities? By no means. Fitted by temperament, views, and philosophy for leadership in time of revolutionary offensive, he is out of place and harmful in a period when the revolution seeks to retrench. If, by some inconceivable freak, Trotsky could be brought back into supreme power in Moscow, he would work a lot of mischief even in the short interval required to convince everybody of the complete impracticability of his policies under present conditions.

This may be very sad. It may be a pity for a land in need of

fine talent to let its biggest personality occupy himself with shooting game and re-reading Hegel thousands of miles from the capital. But if the most skilful surgeon in the world insisted on operating a patient who, according to the ablest diagnosticians, would suffer under the knife, that surgeon would have to be persuaded to leave the ward. Sentiment cannot play a role in judging the Trotzky case. Individuals who fall down before him in puerile hero worship and, forgetting the momentous economic factors, emphasize only the personal element—perhaps because they do not understand the other—merely blur the picture and mislead those who honestly try to fathom this most complicated phase of the revolution. The program of the Trotzky Opposition is unworkable at present. Those who approve of the program may add "unfortunately unworkable,"yet they cannot blindly insist on its adoption in the Soviet Union simply because they adore its author or like its recommendations when lifted out of the situation in which he proposes to effect them.

Trotzky as director of the government would do violence to the country in its present stage of revolutionary development. Trotzky as leader of the proletarian Left which may crystallize as a result of imminent changes is conceivable but not very likely. My own view is that, whatsoever his personal fate may be, politically he is dead—unless he is rescued by the Communist Internationale.

The executive committee of the Comintern is now meeting in plenary session in Moscow. The Trotzky Opposition is one of the exciting items on the agenda. Trotzky, before he was shipped away to the regions of Genjhis Khan, had planned a final appeal to the whole Communist world through the present conference. But though he has been unable to carry out his intention, and though none of the major foreign Communist parties has been captured by the opposition faction, Trotzky is still giving considerable trouble to the non-Russian part of the Comintern which cannot handle his followers as Russia did him.

Trotzky's criticisms were leveled against the Russian Communist Party largely for the mistakes which, he alleged, were made by its leaders in governing the Soviet Union. In the mouths of Trotzky's foreign sympathizers, these and similar criticisms, enunciated with less understanding of the fact and less love of the thing, frequently become direct, unfair attacks on the soviet state which the Russians resent. The reaction among the Moscow pillars of the Comintern is to demand from the international body unquestioned support and approval of Soviet Russia's policies. This is a dangerous principle that will harm the Comintern, and perhaps Russia too. If the Third Internationale is to have any weight or influence, it must be in a position to pass independent judgment, to take independent action, and even to reprimand the heads of the Russian party who, theoretically, are subordinate to it. Otherwise the Comintern becomes a

tail wagged by the red bear. This is the Trotzky problem in its international aspect. The question will recur again and again, for whereas Trotzkyism may be impossible in Russia it has a comprehensible appeal to Communists of more proletarianized western countries. I do not want to predict that the issue will cause a rift in the Comintern. Communists often prove capable of burying rows in which in other families would end in a series of divorces. But the matter will bear watching. It certainly requires most delicate treatment from the Russians.

The Trotzky controversy, then, remains with us because of the platform offered by the Internationale. It is in this sense that Trotzky is not quite politically dead. I do not believe, however, that the Comintern, even if it were converted to Trotzkyism—which is doubtful—could persuade the Kremlin to modify its policies on that account. It could only, even if it is not converted to Trotzkyism, ask for more consideration for the persons of the Opposition leaders.

The Opposition leaders have been scattered to the uncomfortable corners of the Soviet Union. In many instances, they return to a state which they knew well under the Czarist regime when they were younger and better able to bear raw climates and rough conditions. Of course, they will be helped by friends, but it will not be easy. Some, like Trotzky, have earned enough from past literary labors to live fairly decently. More than cold and physical inconveniences, however, it will be political inactivity and the inaccessibility of printed material that will torture them. Radek, for instance, had spent many months on a Marxian history of China which he intended publishing in several languages. He cannot finish the work now. Others are probably in the same position. Perhaps, instead, they will write their "now it can be told."

The rest depends on so many contingencies. If a new revolutionary wave comes upon China, it is conceivable, since the Ceca and the Opposition agree on a Communist objective for the next phase of the Chinese upheaval, that some of the exiled leaders would slip or be slipped across the frontier into the Celestial Republic. We may see Trotzky leading coolie cohorts. Phlegmatic Mongol legions have in the past been stirred by his burning words even without understanding them. The talent of the Opposition might also be well used as a leaven in active, only active, outbreaks in other countries. (The Comintern, if it is serious, might keep an eye on this potential material.)

But in view of the fact that no revolution is in the offing just now, the only realistic alternative to complete isolation and inactivity, is possible participation in government work of minor importance. The hearts of the leaders in Moscow may soften, and it may suit their purposes to reinstate some Oppositionists in the commissariats. Surely if Kondratiev, the side-partner of Ustralov, an

active anti-Bolshevik ideologian living in Harbin, could work in the Commissariat of Agriculture and there propose a complete kulak program, if out and out Whites can occupy positions of trust in state offices, Trotzkyists too may deserve employment. Of course, they can do harm in jobs in which they would be called on to decide important matters of economic or political policy. But that can be taken care of. It will probably take months or years. Yet some day, unheralded and unannounced, their wings cut, little groups of Trotzkyists may drift back into active service. All except Trotzky himself.

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A Psychological Analysis of Socialism

Samuel D. Schmalhausen

SOCIALISM, fruitfully considered, arises on the historic stage with the emergence of Capitalism. There is a loose usage which refers to every agitation among the poor prior to the rise of Industrialism as a manifestation of Socialism. Only by sentimental usage is such an inclusion permissible. Realistically there is only one Socialism and that is the socalled Scientific or Marxian Socialism.

It may be helpful to view the history of Socialism in three vital phases: (1) The sentimental or Utopian variety; (2) The Scientific or Marxian brand; (3) the Communist or Bolshevist species.

The Utopian mood in Socialism was coincident with the rise and rapid spread of Capitalism in its elementary stage. Humane thinkers among the Bourgeois intellectuals could not endure the inhuman spectacle of factory misery and merciless exploitation of the men, women and children of the lower classes. This sentimental, ofttimes pure-heartedly Christian, sometimes intellectually virile attitude of protest and condemnation usually built itself upon a faith in the good intentions of the more enlightened of the masters, coupled with the hope that sweet reasonableness could solve the problems of social misery.

The appeal of these noble-hearted, superior and eccentric individuals was directed to the head and heart, not to a large and fairly impersonal analysis of SOCIAL FORCES. Utopian Socialism at its profoundest is expressed in the limited and bizarre visions of St. Simon, Robert Owen, Charles Fourier, and more practically in the idealistic and puerile experiments in cooperative and communistic living in small colonies of the various groups of disciples, more especially in virginal and attractive America, of these prophets of Utopia.

The Marxian or so-called Scientific Socialism was born in the miraculous conjunction of two forces: the powerful development of nascent Capitalism into corporate, that is, "trustified" Capitalism, and the *creative insight of an intellectual genius.* In 1847 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels wrote the most significant pamphlet ever penned by man and suggestively entitled THE *COMMUNIST* MANIFESTO. The marvelous merit of this pamphlet lies in its dogmatic clarity, its merciless analysis of the process, evolution and downfall of Capitalism, the graphic realization of the historic function of the arriving working class in the struggle to substitute its kind of state for the capitalistic one, and finally the powerful emphasis upon the TECHNIQUE of REVOLUTION.

Marxian Socialism called itself Scientific because it laid claim to being an impersonal, wholly objective, inexorable analysis of the

LAWS underlying the historic origin, inevitable development, inevitable decline, and necessary emergence upon the ruins of that decline of a new order of society, namely the Socialistic. This postulate of inevitability is hotly denied by all those professorial and liberal-minded critics of Socialism who see social process as largely determined by personal enlightenment, individual will, the clarified mind of man, the brotherly working together of all good men and good women of whatever class.

How shall we account for the attitude of those enlightened persons who reject the Marxian analysis as essentially melodramatic and (in the bad sense) propagandistic and demogogic; a brilliant means of flattering the egotism and stimulating the enmity and vanity of the mob masses? Part of the explanation surely lies in the following considerations.

The intellectuals, that is the professors, the liberal editors, the alert ministers, the thoughtful writers, are all of them the successful sons (and daughters, too!) of a Capitalism whose economic practises they criticise and in many respects deeply oppose but whose *psychologic ways of believing and thinking* they have been trained to accept and personally make a prosperous use of.

The Intellectuals occupy an intermediate or compromise-position under Capitalism: they appear to be honest and therefore straightforward critics of Capitalism and the real well-wishers of a new and more humane order. This appearance and illusion of intellectual straightforwardness is fostered by the circumstance that the intellectuals oppose the profit-motive in life, rather cordially pretending to welcome the service-motive.

In reality, however, that is, under the compulsive influence of habit and psychologic bias and personal well-being,—all achieved under capitalistic auspices,—these apparently sincere critics of Capitalism actually live by the powerful capitalistic law of PRESTIGE.

Thus the energy of sincerity of the Intellectuals is split between a double allegiance: one, to the *pretences* of HUMANISM, i. e. a humane order of Society; two, to the *realities* of CAPITALISM, i. e., an inhuman order of society. The Intellectuals thus become, inevitably, by virtue of this split allegiance an intellectually dishonest band: they pursue prestige under Capitalism, which puts them in the same class *psychologically* as the egotistic pursuers of profit under Capitalism—while pretending to desire ardently the elimination of the profit motive and the introduction of the service motive: attainable only under Socialism.*

One of the most interesting illusions of the Intellectuals is the assumption of a free intelligence in which reside the curative powers for the ills that afflict mankind in society. This illusion arises from

*There is no more shining instance of this intellectual corruption than the muddle-headed Editor of the New Republic.

the circumstance that the intellectuals are given their mental training in institutions saturated with capitalistic habits of mind so that as a consequence these Intellectuals never find it mentally possible to depart very widely from the platitudes and phraseologies and self-deluding modes of believing and thinking which characterize every group of Intellectuals.

The Intellectuals BELIEVE themselves free to THINK as they please because (though they know it not) the assumptions and background beliefs of Capitalism are so congenial to their personal development and success that they never become drastically aware of, i. e., they never fully *realize*, the powerful *compulsions* underlying their ways of believing and thinking.

This illusion of free-mindedness springs naturally from an almost unconscious identity between personal well-being and so-called impersonal philosophy. Men think they are free because they are free to think the thoughts and beliefs which underlie *their* kind of personal and prosperous, specially-privileged freedom!

Another very significant factor that helps to account for the compromise position, i. e., the intellectual duplicity of these gentry, is found in the really cruel dilemma in which they are caught. If, in response to the pretence of loyalty to the vision of a new society, the intellectuals became the candid spokesmen of those groups in society who alone can usher in that better régime, they must needs align themselves with the humble workers who by conventional definition do not belong among the literati but among the illiterati. That is, the Intellectuals, to use a phrase lifted out of Turgeniev, will have to simplify themselves, and humility is precisely the spiritual quality most conspicuously absent in the class of persons who have the courage to go by the name of Intellectuals.

Marxian or Scientific Socialism is really much more a study in sociology and human behavior than it is a study in economics—though this mode of approach will be challenged by the Simon-pure disciples of Marx. The most fundamental postulate in the Marxian sociology is that human behavior is essentially a function of group behavior, more especially of *class behavior.*

There is no good reason why the Marxian analysis should not be considered perhaps the first utterly modern study in social psychology. And the key to social psychology in our age is the study of the relation between group behavior and specialized social environment.

It was Marx's wisdom which taught us that history, in its dynamic aspects, was primarily concerned with the struggle between social groups or classes for the achievement of the strategically situated positions in society.

Of course, in the very nature of the case, more particularly since the rise of Industrialism, the struggle took on the highly specialized form of a conflict, largely concealed and camouflaged, sometimes

open and violent, between the specially privileged group in possession of these strategic positions and that aspiring class seeking desperately, *in response to the motivations of power and profit and prestige* inspiring its vision of the richer life, to inaugurate its blessed class rule. This melodramatic clash of competing appetites for the good things of life is called in Marxian literature The Class Struggle.

According to Marx, the economic factor is in all societies the overshadowingly influential one. All other significant human concerns such as the law, government, morality, philosophy of life, aye, religion itself are so many elaborate and rationalized byproducts of this primary urge, viz., the will to economic power, its perpetuation or its retention or its novel accomplishment.

This proposition in social psychology possesses a marvelous vitality and is far-reachingingly true, though by no means the whole truth. One of the best proofs that it is not the whole truth may be found in two illuminating facts, as follows:

First; the (disheartening) fact that the capitalists through the employ of the agencies of propaganda, misinterpretation and plausible falsification are able to pervert the mind of the workers to such an extent that the habits of believing and thinking ingrained by capitalist psychology are infinitely more persuasive than the habits and experiences taught by proletarian first-hand experience.

Second; the obdurate fact that habits of thinking and believing survive immeasurably beyond the stage in economic development which gave original color and meaning to these habits of thinking and believing. What might be called man's native capacity for superstition and self-delusion is a tremendous psychologic force that works counter to that perfect interplay of economics and human nature which the Marxian sociology (excessively logical and rationalistic) presupposes.

It is as though man could continue believing in the twentieth century what his progenitors have been believing since the fifteenth century (or better still, since the neolithic age!) though the whole history of civilized science and an immense intellectual revolution and a revolutionary economic situation lie between.

Man is incorrigibly irrational, not to say hopelessly sub-rational.

In brief, the Marxian philosophy teaches:

A. The Class Struggle is the predominantly significant social phenomenon in the history of mankind.

B. This Class Struggle is inevitable. By the concept "Inevitability" you may understand the existence of economic forces beyond the control of man's individual will compelling him to behave in certain ways toward his fellow-men, willy-nilly.

Social Forces become the driving power of society. Man becomes at worst a blind tool of these forces, at best a cunning manipulator of these forces (perhaps himself a really power-

ful social force of the first magnitude), and usually a wavering intermediate type, sometimes behaving collectively as a rather conscious director of forces, and frequently behaving as a more or less impotent spectator.

The Marxian concept of inevitability is usally a very rigid one, amounting almost to a fatalistic conception of social process. This is what is known as Historic Determinism.

C. The Class Struggle involves:

(1) The existence of a dominant class that reaches out for the control of all the institutions within that given society.

(2) The existence through economic necessity of an increasingly rebellious subordinate class seeking to improve its status.

(3) The existence of a centralized State that pretends to hold the balance of power and to represent all classes equitably.

The State, be it noted, is the primary bone of contention between the class in power and the class struggling for power. The reason is clear: The state is that modern powerful *habit-shaping agency* which can direct and redirect the energies of a nation to suit its class-tainted dogmas and ideals.

(4) The existence on the part of both contending classes of the instrumentalities for the realization of their diametrically opposed social programs.

The State is the great bone of contention precisely because it cannot by its very nature (i. e. central control of the vital processes of society) yield to conflicting authorities. The Workers' State cannot coexist with the Exploiters' State,—this is axiomatic.

However, every other kind of institutional behavior in modern society *can* largely coexist and prosper somewhat in the presence of its hostile neighbor; i. e., the trade unions can flourish, workers' education get along, proletarian irreligion prosper, the poor man's press scream lustily in a society dominated by a hostile capitalism.

But the confrontation of two powerfully opposed authorities in the State can only spell civil war, which means in our day, social revolution.

(5) The existence of self-conscious well-organized minorities to *lead* in the struggle for power and the new freedom (or slavery!).

The Dictatorship of minorities, concealed and tempered by the pretence of justice and equality and democracy and sanctified humbuggery, is inevitable in a society built on the principle of domination and struggle.

D. Capitalism, because of the laws of its own development, must finally meet with catastrophe and downfall. On the ruins of this downfall the prepared working class, acting intelligently through its proletarian dictatorship, is presumed to have the

technical skill, the intellectual energy, the administrative genius, the prevision of a better society, the cooperative disposition, the habit of collective self-discipline wherewith greatly to create the necessary new institutions for the fulfillment of the new purposes and ideals. A VERY BIG ORDER IN A WORLD SWAMPED WITH INCOMPETENCE AND IGNORANCE AND FOLLY.

E. What are some of the symptoms of the decline and cashing-in of Capitalism? These are the salient ones:

(1) The State repudiates its pretence of representative impartiality and stands forth as the champion of a possessing class.

(2) The State uses the armed force of government in behalf of the owners and against the workers.

(3) Strikes grow in intensity, importance, scale and *irreconcilability.*

(4) The Class Struggle clearly reveals itself as Class War. The Workers become increasingly conscious of the gulf that yawns ominously between the classes and do not fail to observe that the State is a powerful enemy.

(5) The existence of panics, of preparation of war, actual war itself, is the final glaring evidence of the bankruptcy of capitalistic civilization.

(6) To cap the climax, a social situation arises within the State which goads the more revolutionary of the workers, organized and disciplined in a political party, to take the high risk of seizing some of the key industries and of laying hands on the State!

F. Of course, Socialism is inevitable, provided only that the workers have come successfully through the historic process of exploitation, of self-protective organization and *revolutionary discipline* prerequisite for ushering in a new State.

The utter breakdown of Capitalist civilization beyond the hope of salvage and redemption whatsoever is conceivable,—even in Marxian terms. In which case social life breaks down and the darkness of mediaevalism sets in. The triumph of Chaos and Old Night.

Thus far we have gotten a bird's eye view of Sentimental or Utopian Socialism and of Scientific or Marxian Socialism. . . . It is important to bear in mind that Marx was not a critic of the State as such but only of every form of the State anteceding the Socialist State. He assumed without further proof that the exploiters' kind of State would automatically go out of existence with the ushering in of the Socialist State.

But we have latterly been made hideously aware of the immeasurable evil resident in the State *as such.* This cautious attitude

towards the modern mechanized State is worth a lot of critical attention. We must not forget that Marx lived in an era when he couldn't help looking upon the political state as the bringer of gifts to that class which possessed it. The question today is whether the State *by its very functional nature* does not become a bureaucracy endowed with those powers and privileges and *habits of mind* congenial to self-conservation but utterly hostile to the larger social welfare. A momentous question!

What can a latter-day thoughtful socialist say in criticism of Marx? *Marx undoubtedly underestimated the power for good and evil of individual human will.* He may have done this for two reasons. First, his profound knowledge of history taught him that man is largely the product of a cumulative and highly complex social environment; second, his mind was wholly preoccupied with a *logical* i. e., an impersonal analysis of Social Forces which, according to him, were foredoomed to behave in a certain mechanistic way almost as if a drama according to the Greek conception of Fate were being enacted before the eyes of man, a tool of inexorable forces.

If Marx had concerned himself with individual will, the creative urge, the nature of historical "accident," *the irrationality of human behavior,* he might have proved himself a great psychologist, but his congenital love of logical formula and system-building (the stock-in-trade of the great thinkers, more particularly Hegel, whom Marx imitated) would have been frustrated.

Marx was a poor psychologist in another particular. He had no adequate prevision of the slow tempo of disillusionment of the exploited classes. The too-obvious tragedy of politics is the periodic surrender of the true interests of the workers,—through blindness, ignorance and bad mental habits,—to the trumped up promises and pretences of the ruling group.

Marx committed *the fallacy of the rationalists* in supposing that the workers had an easy means at their disposal of recognizing what their own true interests were and of possessing the creative intelligence for acting wisely on the basis of these true interests. But, alas and alack, the workers have not only been mistaught and misled by their cunning masters, they have committed the unpardonable sin of perverting the working class cause to a bourgeois one. The workers, incessantly subject to the terrificially persuasive influences of Imitation, Sham Standard of Living, Competitive show-off, have assimilated to themselves the crass aspirations and satisfactions of their exploiters. Marx did not take the time to understand HUMAN NATURE. He greatly over-simplified it as did the whole school of political economists and metaphysical-minded psychologists from whom Marx derived his intellectual training. The immensely important influence of such purely psychologic factors as Habit, Love of prestige, Imitation, Self-delusion, Human nature as make-believe, Self-love versus Class loyalty, Patriotic nationalism, Inertia, was an

almost foreign language to Marx (for all that the most penetrating genius that the history of Social Science has yet produced!).

Marx was a classic economist which means that he believed he could analyse human behavior in society in terms of the economic motive alone. The classical metaphysical assumption of the "Economic Man" was equally welcome to Ricardo and to Marx. Such an analysis *must be* lop-sided, defective, partly untrue. And the "partly untrue" makes all the difference in the world in the field of human behavior. Modern wisdom proceeds from realizations as to the nature of human behavior, especially its *irrationalities,* whereas more ancient wisdom (including the Marxian) proceeds from an assumed knowledge of the truth of *certain theories* concerning human behavior.

Marx wrote about social process as if that were the predominantly human thing and about human nature as if that were the predominantly mechanical process. An inversion of values which has had tremendous consequences for evil in the history of Socialism! Incidentally, it is good to note that there have always been, and inevitably so, wide differences between Socialism as a gospel and Socialism as a human movement.

I think it may be said that much of the trouble that has always beset the Socialist movement is traceable to Marx himself who occupied two irreconcilable positions. His great dogma was that of Class Struggle. But Class Struggle, by hypothesis, runs counter to the Nationalistic allegiance.

The logic of Class Struggle makes it urgent for the mass of citizens to be hostile to their government, to be class-conscious rather than nation-conscious. But the working class does not achieve power and growth in a day. Now it so happens that during the long period of preparation, the workers, as the weaker party, can't help behaving a little like the poor folk who come to charitable institutions for relief. The habit of dependence upon a paternalistic government grows into the belief that the government, under appropriate conditions of persuasion and cajolery, can be coaxed into granting many helpful aids and privileges. Thus the impulse toward antagonism and irreconcilability is being constantly drained of its original vitality until finally a position of candid compromise is reached.

Socialism becomes inevitably tainted with Nationalism.

Marx himself taught that it is historically necessary and therefore right for the working class to assist in the struggle for emancipation of the rising class, though that class (for example, the nascent Bourgeoisie riding to power with the help of the despised workers through a French Revolution) in its turn inexorably become the exploiter and oppressor of the workers.

Marx believed in workers' participation in all struggles, including Nationalistic ones, provided only they paved the way for the clarification of the so-called ultimate struggle between the Capitalists

and the Wage Workers. (Recall his attitude toward the American Civil War.)

Marx failed to understand the insidious by-products of this habit of yielding allegiance to causes not directly promotive of class struggle. The remarkably patriotic allegiance of the mass of workers in all lands in the recent Great War (hysterically forgetful of the pretences and vows of the class struggle philosophy!) is an amazing evidence of the make-believe nature of the class struggle psychology as compared with the blood-and-iron nature of the patriotic-nationalism creed.

War has won the allegiances of the common people a hundred times while social revolution can hardly succeed even once. Why? War of nationalisms is surely ruinous to the working folk. But social revolution, according to Marxian wisdom, is their only salvation. *How then account for the popular enthusiasm for war and the popular aversion to social revolution?*

The whole subject of what the Marxians call Historic Determinism needs lots of thought (on the part of socialists)!

Speaking psycho-sociologically, it is important to note that *Marx failed to understand*:

(1) *The by-products of the rise to power of the middle class,* i. e., the wide prevalence of the capitalistic habit of mind among all layers of the population, consequent upon the indirect participation, through stocks and bonds, aspiration and position, of large sections of the "Middle" class (whose strategic importance the Marxian formula reduces to a nullity!) *including* the aristocracy of labor, *in the Power-Profit-Prestige* "philosophy" of the Exploiting Class.

Marx reduced the final struggle to that between two sharply defined classes, but as William English Walling once significantly pointed out, there really exist four vital classes: the large Capitalists, the small Capitalists, the Aristocracy of Labor, the largely Unorganized Workers. He also pointed out the existence of political parties expressive of these four classes. And the existence of a Labor party distinct from the Socialist party is an interesting evidence of the kind of class cleavage which Marx had given too little attention to.

The working class itself is tainted with capitalistic psychology. Its largest ambition has been to imitate capitalistic behavior,—not to supersede it.

(2) *The strategic position and function of the Technicians.* Marx used the term Working Class too loosely, that is, too inclusively. Had he been more conscious of psychologic values and less conscious of economic forces, he would have understood more perfectly why a great number of workers, in fact, the vast majority, fail to become proletarians, i. e., psychologically self-conscious revolutionaries, while the brilliant spokesmen and leaders and interpreters of the socialist movement have always belonged economically to the middle class, but psychologically to the proletarian class.

According to the Marxian formula, the technicians would not be classed as proletarian and yet the Bolshevik Revolution has taught that no working class revolution can succeed without the enthusiastic cooperation of the Technicians and the Intellectuals. Marx committed the blunder alluded to because the Capitalistic process in his day had not yet revealed the strategic importance of the Technicians and of the Intellectuals, and also because being obsessed by "inevitable" social process he underrated the function of leadership and superior brains.

(3) *The immense potentialities of what may be called THE CREATIVE WILL.* The Marxian formula assumed a rotten-ripe Capitalism as prerequisite to the dawn of a social revolution. It was as though Marx had urged that no working class should dare to think itself fit to supersede Capitalism before that Capitalism had been permitted every possible opportunity for the maximum expansion of its forces, that very maximum expansion inexorably creating the mass of contradictions which lead toward the catastrophic climax of Capitalistic endeavor. Then the Social Revolution. And only then!

This proposition is built upon what might be called the naive view of social evolution: the view that within every country the human process must go through all the historic stages of growth and decline characteristic of the social process in the most advanced capitalistic country. But anthropological research has discovered the fact that BORROWING is one of the most familiar and fruitful of the social devices for short-circuiting historical "necessity." Large portions of culture are borrowed and intelligently used as if they were utterly indigenous.

Witness the wonderful feat of Japan in borrowing and then brilliantly assimilating the whole complex technology of the highly capitalistic West. And fail not to witness the brave attempt of Bolshevik Russia to leap from the seventeenth to the twenty-first century, a feat capable of accomplishment only on the *assumptions* (a) that the most advanced technology may be taken over bag and baggage and at once put into operation, and (b) that *psychologic* preparation for the destructive and constructive tasks of social revolution is the chief pre-requisite,—economic "ripeness" being a secondary factor.

No paradox could be more challenging to Socialists than the one contained in this query: How explain the fact that the most ripe of the Capitalisms promises worst for the coming of the social revolution—of course I mean the United States—while the least ripe of the Capitalisms—Russia—promises best for the social revolution?

A most ingenious Paradox! Only psychological analysis, leaning on revolutionary economics to be sure, can explain this most ingenious Paradox.*

*I humbly suggest that the next great chapter in socialist philosophy (we sorely need it!) will be written by the thinker whose mind is a radiant compound of the minds of Marx, Lenin, Freud, and Veblen.

To make abundantly clear how psychology illuminates economics, I shall append some vital questions in the hope that the comrades obsessed by historic materialism and economic determinism and social inevitability will think it worth their while to re-open the always important problem of the relation between human nature and the social milieu.

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR ECONOMIC DOGMATISTS

1. Is it not significantly true that the worker does not become a proletarian until he has become *conscious* of the Marxian philosophy of class struggle?

2. How else than by the insights of psychology can we explain the baffling fact that the workers do not perceive, appreciate, *realize* the importance of their own true interests?

3. What is the explanation of the continuing easy triumphs of patriotic teachings?

4. How shall we explain the costly hatreds and hostilities between the Socialists and the Communists?

5. How account for the obdurate allegiance of the workers to the powerfully plutocratic and exploitative Republican Party? (Harding, Coolidge, Hoover!)

6. Why has there been so bitter a class war in America between the Federation of Labor (of Labor, get that!) and the Socialist and Communist parties?

7. How account for the treasonable behavior of the "yellow" Socialists (some of them brilliant Marxians) in the Great War?

8. What is the role of the will-to-power in radical and revolutionary politics?

9. How else, except by means of psychology and psychoanalysis and psychopathology, can we get any real insight into the rivalry of leaders?

10. The new overwhelming importance of propaganda: is that not a profoundly psychological phenomenon?

11. Is there any other explanation more persuasive and potent than the psychological for the disheartening failure of a whole series of American radical movements?

12. And, by the way, our very belief in Socialism and Communism and Anarchism and the possibility of achieving a deeper world through the emergence of the proletariat: is not this belief a psychologic even more than an economic fact?

13. Is Communism primarily a religion—or a science?

14. What analysis can we offer of the conservative behavior of the so-called "white collar slaves," if we rely wholly upon economic dogma?

15. Take the terribly obstinate fact of nationalistic conceit and pride: Can you account for its historic tenacity except in terms of

the Adlerian theme of inferiority-haunted mediocrities seeking a false bloated overcompensation in the affectations and swaggerings of ego-mania?

16. Is there not a subtle poisonous nucleus, psychologically explicable, in the troubling existence of the so-called foreign language groups in our radical and revolutionary midst?

17. How about the infinite influence of traditions of freedom in this glorious and most hypocritical Republic?

18. Can anyone deny that Socialist internationalism has suffered incredibly from the obtrusive psychological factors of race, color, nationalistic bias, cultural status, differing standards of living, varying outlooks on life?

191. Is there any more illuminating analysis than psychology offers of the inhuman indifference of organized labor—the aristocracy of labor, significantly so-called—to the unorganized hideously exploited groups, the outcasts whom the I. W. W. courageously but futilely attempted to lift to a place in the sun?

20. When we survey the typical radical's indifference to, even intolerance of, the specifically human problems of women (under male dominance!) such as suffrage, infant mortality, birth control, feminism, the sexual problem: are we not up against reactionary radicals?

21. How shall we explain the enormously relevant fact that no mind is universally radical or revolutionary but only partially so, within one rather narrow system of habits and values? Are we not in the presence of the perturbing fact that the mind, even of your extreme radical, is essentially conservative and therefore lopsided and prejudiced in most human matters?

22. Can we be intelligent about the history of radicalism unless we take into account the central import of temperament? For example: Trotzky versus Stalin; Lunacharsky versus Eisenstein; Gorki versus Lenin; Eastman versus Minor; Fraina versus Hillquit; Gold versus Calverton. . . .

23. Is there anything more fundamental in social behavior than desires, habits, beliefs, delusions, myths, rationalizations?

24. Is economics in any vital sense anything else except a study in social psychology?

25. (a) Why, speaking psychoanalytically, do the economic dogmatists shun (fear?) psychology?

(b) Why do we contrive in our imaginations (at present) a new society if it is not in the hope of providing for the humbler folk more abundant opportunities for life, fellowship, and a reasonable happiness? Can we, as visionaries and revolutionists, dare to ignore the individual and his profoundly psychological need of fulfillment?

PSYCHOLOGY MARVELOUSLY ILLUMINATES ECONOMICS.

Art and Marxism

N. Lunacharsky

ALTHOUGH from the time of Marx to our own day, very few special works have been dedicated to the questions of art, nevertheless it is undoubtedly true that there exists a fundamental Marxian approach to art. In this essay I shall try in a simple way to outline this fundamental approach.

First of all, according to Marxism, as a social theory, art is a definite superstructure arising from a definite set of productive relationships, in their turn determined by those forms of labor predominant in the given epoch.

Art can appear as a superstructure in relationship to this economic fundament in two ways: First, as a definite expression of industrial life itself, and secondly, as an involved expression of an ideology.

Art has played a considerable role in the life of mankind, from the period of savagery onwards to our own time, noting in its evolution a definite ascent in human productions. Perhaps it is impossible to find many products of human labor, in which the very form and color have been dictated exclusively by expediency. Take any subject—a building, or book, a dish, or a lamp post—and ask yourself, what determines, for instance, its fundamental proportions? It will be obvious that these proportions, as shown by Fechner, do not inevitably spring from a basis of utility. But it can be stated with precision, that (in those cases, of course, when we don't have to deal with crudely or clumsily made subjects) many variations of proportion will evoke an unpleasant reaction. Fine proportions afford great pleasure, regardless of utility.

It is almost impossible to find a product of human hands, which does not bear the imprints of a desire to decorate it (polished, enameled surface, all kinds of ornament, color, and certain combinations of colors, etc.). It is obvious, that in man, there is an inherent tendency to give æsthetic value to his creations besides their purely utilitarian value; there is an effort to make them pleasing to the senses. Everyone knows that there are pleasant and unpleasant sounds, pleasant and unpleasant colors. It is natural for man to try to make his creations pleasing, beautiful, satisfying, and interesting.

Esthetic values differ from people to people, from epoch to epoch. It is interesting, in this connection, to examine the roots of style. Why, let us say, is the art of China radically different from that of Ancient Greece? Equally interesting, is the changing taste in French furniture, from the pomp of Louis XIV to the frivolous curls of Louis XV, the severity of Louis XVI, and later, the harmony of the Revolutionary style.

Only Marxism can discover the real causes of the great variety of

styles. In searching out these causes, Marxism depends not only upon the thorough knowledge of the social order of the given epoch, but also upon detailed information about the materials utilized and the tools of production.

But art is not only an expression of the industrial activity of a people, but is also an ideology. What is an ideology from the viewpoint of Marxism? Is it that systematic reflection in the human consciousness of being which fills out the conscious life of mankind?

Marxism has proved that ideologists germinate from reality, and possess all the evidence of this reality. Not only is the ideologist dependent upon reality for his material; he is dependent upon reality in a deeper sense, for he can never break away from certain social interests by which he is bound. He never works in a haphazard way; he organizes his material with a definite purpose in view.

According to Marxism society is divided into classes, struggling with each other. Classes are groupings of people in the process of production. Since these classes occupy various positions, they have deeply different interests. It is evident that squires, bourgeoisie, and peasant workers will have little in common.

Of course, when Marxism talks about the class character of an ideology, it does not at all attempt to maintain that every ideology is the product of a particular class, dominating or struggling for its dominancy. No, Marxian analysis moves much further; it shows correlation of various theories of law, philosophic systems, religious teachings, and art schools with definite interior and exterior class groups. Society is at times extremely complex in its structure; it is too great a simplification to trace ideologic phenomena to some fundamental class. The history of ideology is based on the history of society; and as human society in its evolution is variegated and complex so variegated and complex is ideology. While Marxism denies to ideology the position of prominence in the evolution of society, it does not, however, deny the significance of ideology. When classes create their law, their religion, philosophy, morals and art, their energy is not spent in vain. These institutions, these class creations, are not mere scattered reflections of reality in diverse mirrors. They are infinitely more. They are social forces of profound importance; they are the banners, the emblems around which a particular class clusters. It is with these institutions as weapons that the class will attack its opponents. With its religion, its philosophy and its morals will one class seek to suppress another. Among other ideologies art plays an outstanding role. It is in a way an organization of social thought. It is a concept of actuality. Actuality may be recognized by the air of science, which tries to be precise and objective, but scientific knowledge is abstract and tells nothing to human feelings. To understand a given phenomenon one must perceive it not only with the intellect, but also with the emotions. Two elements, intellect and emotion, are necessary for a proper comprehension of an object. It is possible to learn something

about Russian peasantry from statistical investigation; but it is an entirely different matter to know it through the writings of Uspenski and other fiction populists.

Just as statistical knowledge of this same peasantry can be voluntarily or involuntarily distorted, so an artistic production can be consciously or unconsciously subjective, and thus be made to reflect the interests of the class with which the artist is in sympathy. It is in this fact that the great power of art lies. Art can be not only the tool of reality, but also the tool of propaganda for definite views. The artist can make his creation express that approach to reality which to him is most true. It is evident then that art, if it is the organization of thought, inevitably organizes it in consonance with the emotions. It may be, of course, entirely an organizer of thought. Music for instance, or architecture (taken as art and not engineering) never expresses thought. It is almost impossible to translate their language into our words, yet the effect of music and architecture is colossal. Elements of music and architecture (by the way, music and architecture are very relative), are found in every art. If sculpture is monumental, if it strikes us with its proportions, it is not the content that rouses our admiration, but the style. It is the form, the mass, that impress us, and in these things sculpture is akin to architecture. If a statue is full of grace, if its lines are exquisite, and stir within us an exquisite thrill, we say that the statue is full of music. In these instances we enter into the domain of organization of feeling, organization of the subconscious. Of course, this is true even in a greater degree in painting. The composition of a picture, if it be well balanced, makes it near to architecture. The subtlety of its coloring draws it nearer to music. The same is true in literature. The general structure of a piece of art (for instance, *The Divine Comedy* of Dante) is as overwhelming as a cathedral. And rhythms, rhymes, alliterations and other metrical devices add to literature an exterior musical form that blends with the inner music.

Naturally, where art is an organization of thought, it is very easy to draw a line from the ideologies to the social group which produced them. Vice versa, where the matter concerns the organization of feeling, which is the most characteristic function of art, it is very hard to do. That is why the history and theory of art until now so successfully keep away from Marxism. Lately a considerable advance has been made in certain works of the Marxist historian and theoretician of art, Hausenstein. He has succeeded in working from the Marxist viewpoint.

We have shown what is the Marxist theory of human society and its evolution. But Marxism is not a mere theory; it is a definite program. Marxism is the ideology of a definite class,—the proletariat. It is the one ideology that does not distort reality. The proletariat is the class of the future. It is in accord with science which shows the authentic tendencies of the future. The aims of the

proletariat are not selfish, but advantageous to all humanity. The proletariat, the last, the most oppressed class, frees all humanity from the class system when it frees itself. There has never been a change so sweeping as the one the proletariat will bring about. The aims of the proletariat are in accord with all human aspiration.

Theoreticians of the proletariat must study the art of past ages to show how it has expressed the ideology of the dominant class. They will note those pieces of art, which obviously have the ugly spirit of exploitation. They will note works of art in which the passive suffering of masses or their slavish submissiveness is expressed. They will study those creations that are filled with the spirit of scepticism and doubt, and those that seek in romanticism an escape from reality. The proletariat will also find in the art of the dominant classes in the past evidence of a vastness of plan, of man's certainty in his strength, and of his desire for the good and the beautiful, qualities which are essential to all revolt.

Endlessly varied are the voices, the cries, the laughter, of the songs of the past, but all are subject to definite social evolution. Some express the sorrow of our proletariat, and are suitable for use today. Other songs are interesting as characterizing curious social phenomena. Others are repugnant.

We have been judging art by its substance, but the proletarian theoretician can evaluate art also by its artistic form. Marxism shows unvaryingly that classes that create new ideas and organize deep feelings, infallibly feel and produce a masterful art. On the other hand, classes beginning to decay, having no ideology, having no hope of maintaining their dominancy, turn to the purely formal art, which subdues and polishes life, making it more acceptable to them. In the domain of the formal art most varied distortions are possible. An absurd and awkward splendor of the voluptuous refinement of a gentleman-gourmant reveals the extent of esthetic corruption necessary to make art pleasing to a decadent class.

During the epochs of development of some class, when the ideas palpitating in them and emotional substance find a corresponding formal expression, art becomes calm and retrained. The artist is certain that his work is of value, and that it will be accepted by his people; he is confident of his ability to put his ideas into a certain form. The classic age dawns. But before it becomes apparent, there must be an age in which feelings and thoughts cannot find incarnation. Such an epoch coincides with the rise of a certain class to power rather than its apogee. The artist at this period aims to find also a political form for its class interests. These epochs differ by their heat and attack, and as a result forms appears restless. The artist, straining all his fantasy to capture the elusive ideas which guide him, is not entirely clear and his feeling are vehement. From this is derived what is called romantic construction of art. Finally when the class has passed through its apogee, when society has no more need for it, when new forces are usurping its place, then the

artist loses his confidence, his originality petrifies, his emotions become trivial, and his once socially unified body fades into an individual dust. The change is immediately reflected upon art. The soul of art, ideas and emotions, harden. Only cold formality remains and this degenerates into academism. Not for long though, do we have this pacific road. It begins to decompose. The artist begins carefully to treat the form or to seek extravagancy, or bring to exaggeration some one side of his art. Art is on the decline.

I am pointing out here only the broad outlines which we Marxists follow in evaluating the art of the past. First, we study art as the outgrowth of certain social phenomena. Secondly we study art as an embodiment of the emotions of the class that created it. Even in decadent art amazing combination of color, line and sound can be found. In the period of decay of art the analytical artist can find something which is technically very valuable. In a grandiose building saturated with slave-owning spirit, erected by some despot, we can find astonishing proportions and stateliness, the outgrowth of that side of despotism, which makes it one of the wide and powerful forms of the organization of masses. The present Marxist can, therefore, learn and teach others by examples from almost every piece of art of the past.

If, in this way, Marxism is not only a method of knowledge of the original roots of art, but also a method of criticizing it and a method of utilizing it, i. e., of the right way to enjoy it, and to develop it in the future, the more alive is its relation to contemporaneity.

Here all criteria, which we mention above, are fully adaptable. As reader and critic, the Marxist can analyze in his wonderful laboratory every new production, showing its social roots, and its social tendencies, negative and affirmative—insofar as they are apparent in the substance and as they are revealed by the form. A Marxist writer or artist can find real support in the theory of his class; holding in his hands this guiding thread, he can avoid errors because he can cirticize himself and be forever observant to see that his creation embodies the aims and ideals of his class.

La Bourgeoisie Noire

E. Franklin Frazier

RADICALS are constantly asking the question: Why does the Negro, the man farthest down in the economic as well as social scale, steadily refuse to ally himself with the radical groups in America? On the other hand, his failure so far to show sympathy to any extent with the class which *à priori* would appear to be his natural allies has brought praise from certain quarters. Southern white papers when inclined to indulge in sentimental encomiums about the Negro cite his immunity to radical doctrines as one of his most praiseworthy characteristics. Negro orators and, until lately, Negro publications, in pleading for the Negro's claim to equitable treatment, have never failed to boast of the Negro's undying devotion to the present economic order. Those white who are always attempting to explain the Negro's social behavior in terms of hereditary qualities have declared that the Negro's temperament is hostile to radical doctrines. But the answer to what is a seeming anomaly to many is to be found in the whole social background of the Negro. One need not attribute it to any peculiar virtue (according as one regards virtue) or seek an explanation in such an incalculable factor as racial temperament.

The first mistake of those who think that the Negro of all groups in America should be in revolt against the present system is that they regard the Negro group as homogeneous. As a matter of fact, the Negro group is highly differentiated, with about the same range of interests as the whites. It is very well for white and black radicals to quote statistics to show that ninety-eight per cent of the Negroes are workers and should seek release from their economic slavery; but as a matter of fact ninety-eight per cent of the Negroes do not regard themselves as in economic slavery. Class differentiation among Negroes is reflected in their church organizations, educational institutions, private clubs, and the whole range of social life. Although these class distinctions may rest upon what would seem to outsiders flimsy and inconsequential matters, they are the social realities of Negro life, and no amount of reasoning can rid his mind of them. Recently we were informed in Dr. Herskovits' book on the Negro that color is the basis of social distinctions. To an outsider or a superficial observer this would seem true; but when one probes the tissue of the Negro's social life he finds that the Negro reacts to the same illusions that feed the vanity of white men.

What are some of the marks of distinctions which make it impossible to treat the Negro group as a homogeneous mass? They are chiefly property, education, and blood or family. If those possessing these marks of distinctions are generally mulattoes, it is because the free Negro class who first acquired these things as well as a family tradition were of mixed blood. The church in Charleston, South

Carolina, which was reputed not to admit blacks did not open its doors to nameless mulatto nobodies. Not only has the distinction of blood given certain Negro groups a feeling of superiority over other Negroes, but it has made them feel superior to "poor whites." The Negro's feeling of superiority to "poor whites" who do not bear in their veins "aristocratic" blood has always created a barrier to any real sympathy between the two classes. Race consciousness to be sure has constantly effaced class feeling among Negroes. Therefore we hear on every hand Negro capitalists supporting the right of the Negro worker to organize—against white capitalists, of course. Nevertheless class consciousness has never been absent.

The Negro's attitude towards economic values has been determined by his economic position in American life. First of all, in the plantation system the Negro has found his adjustment to our economic system. The plantation system is based essentially upon enforced labor. Since emancipation the Negro has been a landless peasant without the tradition of the European peasant which binds the latter to the soil. Landownership remained relatively stationery from 1910 to 1920; while the number of landless workers increased. If this class of black workers were to espouse doctrines which aimed to change their economic status, they would be the most revolutionary group in America. From ignorant peasants who are ignorant in a fundamental sense in that they have no body of traditions even, we cannot expect revolutionary doctrines. They will continue a mobile group; while the white landlords through peonage and other forms of force will continue to hold them to the land.

Another factor of consequence in the Negro's economic life is the fact of the large number of Negroes in domestic service. One psychologist has sought to attribute this fact to the strength of the "instinct of submission" in the Negro. But it has represented an adjustment to the American environment. Nevertheless, it has left its mark on the Negro's character. To this is due the fact that he has taken over many values which have made him appear ridiculous and at the same time have robbed him of self-respect and self-reliance. This group is no more to be expected to embrace radical doctrines than the same class was expected to join slave insurrections, concerning which Denmark Vesey warned his followers: "Don't mention it to those waiting men who receive presents of old coats, etc., from their masters, or they'll betray us."

Even this brief consideration of the social situation which has determined the Negro's attitudes towards values in American life will afford a background for our discussion of the seeming anomaly which he presents to many spectators. We shall attempt to show that, while to most observers the Negro shows an apparent indifference to changing his status, this is in fact a very real and insistent stimulus to his struggles. The Negro can only envisage those things which have meaning for him. *The radical doctrines appeal chiefly to the industrial workers, and the Negro has only begun to enter*

industry. For Negroes to enter industries which are usually in the cities and escape the confinement of the plantation, they have realized a dream that is as far beyond their former condition as the New Economic Order is beyond the present condition of the wage earner. It has often been observed that the Negro subscribes to all the canons of consumption as the owning class in the present system. Even here we find the same struggle to realize a status that he can envisage and has a meaning for him. Once the Negro struggled for a literary education because he regarded it as the earmark of freedom. The relatively segregated life which the Negro lives makes him struggle to realize the values which give status within his group. An automobile, a home, a position as a teacher, or membership in a fraternity may confer a distinction in removing the possessor from an inferior social status, that could never be appreciated by one who is a stranger to Negro life. An outsider may wonder why a downtrodden, poor, despised people seem so indifferent about entering a struggle that is aimed to give all men an equal status. But if they could enter the minds of Negroes they would find that in the world in which they live they are not downtrodden and despised, but enjoy various forms of distinction.

An interesting episode in the life of the Negro which shows to what extent he is wedded to bourgeois ideals is the present attempt of the Pullman porters to organize. Some people have very superficially regarded this movement as a gesture in the direction of economic radicalism. But anyone who is intimately acquainted with the psychology of the Negro group, especially the porters, know that this is far from true. One who is connected with the white labor movement showed a better insight through his remark to the writer that the porters showed little working class psychology and showed a disposition to use their organization to enjoy the amenities of bourgeois social life. The Pullman porters do not show any disposition to overthrow bourgeois values. In fact, for years this group was better situated economically than most Negroes and carried over into their lives as far as possible the behavior patterns which are current in the middle class. In some places they regarded themselves as a sort of aristocracy, and as a colored woman said in one of their meetings recently, "Only an educated gentleman with culture could be a Pullman porter." The advent of a large and consequential professional and business class among Negroes has relegated the Pullman porters to a lower status economically as well as otherwise. Collective bargaining will help them to continue in a role in the colored group which is more in harmony with their conception of their relative status in their group. It is far from the idea of the Pullman porters to tear down the present economic order, and hardly any of them would confess any spiritual kinship with the "poor whites." The Pullman porters are emerging, on the other hand, as an aristocratic laboring group just as the Railroad Brotherhoods have done.

The Negro's lack of sympathy with the white working class is based on more than the feeling of superiority. In the South, especially, the caste system which is based on color, determines the behavior of the white working class. If the Negro has fatuously claimed spiritual kinship with the white bourgeois, the white working class has taken over the tradition of the slave-holding aristocracy. When white labor in the South attempts to treat with black labor, the inferior status of the latter must be conceded in practice and in theory. Moreover, white labor in the South not only has used every form of trickery to drive the Negro out of the ranks of skilled labor, but it has resorted to legislation to accomplish its aims. Experience, dating from before the Civil War, with the white group, has helped to form the attitude of Negro towards white labor as well as traditional prejudices.[1]

In the February number of the *Southern Workman,* there appears an article in which the psychology of the Negro is portrayed as follows. The discovery is made by a white business in Chicago:

> "The average working-class Negro in Chicago earns $22 a week. His wife sends her children to the Day Nursery or leaves them with relatives or friends, and she supplements the family income by from $10 to $15 or more per week. The average white man of the same class earns $33 per week and keeps his wife at home. This colored man will rent a $65 per month aparment and buy a $50 suit of clothes while the white man will occupy a $30 per month apartment and buy a $25 suit of clothes. This average white man will come into our store to buy furniture and about $300 will be the limit of his estimated purchase, while the colored man will undertake a thousand dollar purchase without the least thought about meeting the payments from his small income."

To the writer of the article the company's new policy in using colored salesmen is a wonderful opportunity for colored men to learn the furniture business. The furniture company is going to make Negroes better citizens, according to the author of the article, by encouraging them to have better homes. This situation represents not only the extent to which the average Negro has swallowed middle class standards but the attitude of the upper class Negro towards the same values.

There is much talk at the present time about the New Negro. He is generally thought of as the creative artist who is giving expression to all the stored-up æsthetic emotion of the race. Negro in Art Week has come to take its place beside, above, or below the other three hundred and fifty-two weeks in the American year. But the public is little aware of the Negro business man who regards himself as a new phenomenon. While the New Negro who is expressing himself in art promises in the words of one of his chief exponents not to compete with the white man either politically or economically, the Negro business man seeks the salvation of the race in economic

[1] E. Franklin Frazier: *The Negro in the Industrial South. The Nation,* Vol. 125, No. 3238.

enterprise. In the former case there is either an acceptance of the present system or an ignoring of the economic realities of life. In the case of the latter there is an acceptance of the gospel of economic success. Sometimes the New Negro of the artistic type calls the New Negro business man a Babbitt, while the latter calls the former a mystic. But the Negro business man is winning out, for he is dealing with economic realities. He can boast of the fact that he is independent of white support, while the Negro artist still seeks it. One Negro insurance company in a rather cynical acceptance of the charge of Babbittry begins a large advertisement in a Negro magazine in the words of George F. Babbitt.

A perusal of Negro newspapers will convince anyone that the Negro group does not regard itself as outcasts without status. One cannot appeal to them by telling them that they have nothing to lose but their chains. The chains which Negroes have known in the South were not figurative. Negro newspapers are a good index of the extent to which middle-class ideals have captured the imagination of Negroes. In one newspaper there is a column devoted to What Society Is Wearing. In this column the apparel of those who are socially prominent is described in detail. The parties, the cars, the homes, and the jewelry of the elite find a place in all of these papers. In fact, there is no demand on the part of Negro leaders to tear down social distinctions and create a society of equals. As the writer heard a colored editor tell a white man recently, "the white people draw the line at the wrong point and put all of us in the same class."

Negro schools in the South furnish an example of the influence of middle-class ideals which make Negroes appear in a ridiculous light. These schools give annually a public performance. Instead of giving plays such as Paul Green's folk plays of Negro life, they give fashion shows which have been popularized to boost sales. Negro students appear in all kinds of gorgeous costumes which are worn by the leisured middle class. One more often gets the impression that he has seen a Mardi Gras rather than an exhibition of correct apparel.

Even the most ardent radical cannot expect the Negro to hold himself aloof from the struggle for economic competence and only dream of his escape from his subordinate economic status in the overthrow of the present system. A Negro business man who gets out of the white man's kitchen or dining room rightly regards himself as escaping from economic slavery. Probably he will maintain himself by exploiting the Negro who remains in the kitchen, but he can always find consolation in the feeling, that if he did not exploit him a white man would. But in seeking escape from economic subordination, the Negro has generally envisaged himself as a captain of industry. In regard to group efficiency he has shown no concern. For example, a group isolated to the extent of the Negro in America could have developed cooperative enterprises. There has been no attempt in schools or otherwise to teach or encourage this type of economic organization. The ideal of the rich man has been held up to him.

More than one Negro business has been wrecked because of this predatory view of economic activity.

Many of those who criticize the Negro for selecting certain values out of American life overlook the fact that the primary struggle on his part has been to acquire a culture. In spite of the efforts of those who would have him dig up his African past, the Negro is a stranger to African culture. The manner in which he has taken over the American culture has never been studied in intimate enough detail to make it comprehensible. The educated class among Negroes has been the forerunners in this process. Except perhaps through the church the economic basis of the civilized classes among Negroes has not been within the group. Although today the growing professional and business classes are finding support among Negroes, the upper classes are subsidized chiefly from without. To some outsiders such a situation makes the Negro intellectual appear as merely an employee of the white group. At times the emasculating effect of Negro men appearing in the role of mere entertainers for the whites has appeared in all its tragic reality. But the creation of this educated class of Negroes has made possible the civilization of the Negro. It may seem conceivable to some that the Negro could have contended on the ground of abstract right for unlimited participation in American life on the basis of individual efficiency; but the Negro had to deal with realities. It is strange that today one expects this very class which represents the most civilized group to be in revolt against the system by which it was created, rather than the group of leaders who have sprung from the soil of Negro culture.

Here we are brought face to face with a fundamental dilemma of Negro life. Dean Miller at Howard University once expressed this dilemma aphoristically, namely, that the Negro pays for what he wants and begs for what he needs. The Negro pays, on the whole, for his church, his lodges and fraternities, and his automobile, but he begs for his education. Even the radical movement which had vogue a few years back was subsidized by the white radical group. It did not spring out of any general movement among Negroes towards radical doctrines. Moreover, black radicals theorized about the small number of Negroes who had entered industry from the security of New York City; but none ever undertook to enter the South and teach the landless peasants any type of self-help. What began as the organ of the struggling working masses became the mouthpiece of Negro capitalists. The New Negro group which has shown a new orientation towards Negro life and the values which are supposed to spring from Negro life has restricted itself to the purely cultural in the narrow sense.

In this article the writer has attempted to set forth the social forces which have caused the Negro to have his present attitude towards the values in American life. From even this cursory glance at Negro life we are able to see to what extent bourgeois ideals are implanted in the Negro's mind. We are able to see that the Negro

group is a highly differentiated group with various interests, and that it is far from sound to view the group as a homogeneous group of outcasts. There has come upon the stage a group which represents a nationalistic movement. This movement is divorced from any program of economic reconstruction. It is unlike the Garvey movement in that Garvey through schemes—phantastic to be sure—united his nationalistic aims with an economic program. This new movement differs from the program of Booker Washington which sought to place the culture of the Negro upon a sound basis by making him an efficient industrial worker. Nor does it openly ally itself with those leaders who condemn the organization of the Pullman porters and advise Negroes to pursue an opportunistic course with capitalism. It looks askance at the new rising class of black capitalism while it basks in the sun of white capitalism. It enjoys the congenial company of white radicals while shunning association with black radicals. The New Negro Movement functions in the third dimension of culture; but so far it knows nothing of the other two dimensions—Work and Wealth.

Who's Who

H. E. BARNES, author of numerous books on political science and social theory, is one of the leading sociologists in America.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS is the author of a study of Havelock Ellis.

J. H. COHEN contributes frequently to periodicals.

TOM DAVIN is a frequent reviewer for *The Herald-Tribune* and other periodicals.

MAX EASTMAN, the former editor of *The Liberator,* is a well-known literary and revolutionary critic.

NATHAN FINE is one of the editors of *The American Labor Year Book.*

LOUIS FISCHER is author of *Oil Imperialism,* and a well-known correspondent for many American periodicals.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER is a contributor to *The New Negro* and a frequent writer for periodicals.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is a well-known anthropologist and author of works on this subject.

SIDNEY HOOK, of the Department of Philosophy of the New York University, is a writer on philosophical subjects.

HIAM KANTOROVITCH is author of *In the Light of Marxism* and other books on similar topics.

N. LUNACHARSKY is Commissar of Education in Soviet Russia and author of many books on art and criticism.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN is an internationally famous short story critic, editor of *Best American Short Stories,* and *Best English Short Stories.*

ARTHUR E. RUARK is teaching at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh.

T. A. VAN SANT is a frequent contributor to magazines.

As to Sidney Hook's Morals

MAX EASTMAN

(This is in reply to Mr. Sidney Hook's article in the last issue of THE MODERN QUARTERLY, and is immediately followed by a reply by Mr. Hook)

NOBODY who has read my book, *Marx and Lenin*, needs to be told that Sidney Hook's pretended criticism of it in THE MODERN QUARTERLY, is not criticism, but deliberate misrepresentation.

In his first paragraph Hook says:

> "Instead of seeing in the doctrines of Marx an implicit judgment of direction or activity (which would at least have the merit of explaining both its wide acceptance among the working classes and its instrumental efficacy) Eastman interprets Marx's view as the confused personal expression of a queer German . . ."

Nobody who has read as much as my Table of Contents could honestly make these statements. My whole book is devoted to seeing in Marxism an implicit judgment of direction and activity, disentangling it from the other kind of judgments with which it is mixed up, and making it explicit. The instrumental efficacy of Marxism, its value to the working classes, its being the true science of the revolution, is the obvious assumption and whole spirit and meaning of my book. So far from "interpreting Marx's views as the confused expression of a queer German," I regard Marx as one of the greatest men in the history of science in general, and as the real creator of the particular "science of revolution" of which I am merely giving a clarified modern formulation. Here is what I say about Marx's contributions to science in general, and to the practical science of revolution:

> " . . . Marx made almost exactly the same contribution to the general science of history, that Darwin did to biology. He put in the place of moralistic and religious and poetic and patriotic eloquences, a matter-of-fact principle of explanation, which has become the dominating one for all freely inquiring minds, and he established—or at least first adequately emphasized—the fact that there has been an evolution, not only in the political forms of society, but in its economic structure." (Page 67.)
>
> "A gigantic practical undertaking demands first an examination of the existing materials and forces, and the formation upon the basis of this examination of a plan for achieving it. It is this examination and definition of fact, with a view to achieving an otherwise utopian idea, which constitutes the essential scientific work of Karl Marx. His plan can be shown to grow inevitably out of an adequate comprehension and bold facing of the facts. It is the only plan yet proposed which these facts do not clearly prove to be impractical. . . . " (Pp. 125-126.)

To declare of an author making such statements that he "regards Marx's views as the confused personal expression of a queer German"

is deliberate misrepresentation. It is not criminal, but it is moral and intellectual libel.

In his second paragraph Hook says:

> "Eastman is unaware that in rejecting the metaphysics of Marxism he is thereby committing himself to a definite metaphysical position, although that position may be confused in his own mind. His mistake comes from taking the word 'metaphysics' etymologically instead of regarding it as implying an analysis of the fundamental scientific categories."

This also, if it is not pure claptrap from a person who never read my book, is deliberate misrepresentation. I state with great care, in approaching the philosophy of Hegel and Marx, exactly what I mean by philosophy "as I am using the term" (and I use it interchangably with "metaphysics"). I define it with the utmost precision, and explicitly distinguish it from that philosophy which is a sincere and pure attempt to generalize science. Moreover in Part II, Chapter VI, I discuss explicitly the "philosophy" to which my criticism of Marxism commits me. Both these positions of mine are undoubtedly subject to criticism from other points of view. Interesting argument could be made by a mind honestly attacking. To ignore my careful discussion of this central question, and then condemn me in a toplofty manner for ignoring it, is not honest attack. It is not honest. The question lies too obviously at the very core of the argument of my book.

In his third paragraph Hook says: "Although rendering lip-service to scientific method, Eastman has the temerity to maintain that the ideas of Freud will continue and complete the work of Darwin 'in the direction of a scientific logic.' This in the face of Dewey's studied avoidance of Freud."

This also is a false statement. What I maintain is that Freud's "influence upon the development of a scientific logic will be but a further extension of the influence of Darwin"—the reason being that Freud's therapeutic method gives an instrumental function and value to "becoming conscious" of something.

This is quite obviously true, and the influence is important. It is unaffected by the fact that Freud is something of a fantasist. So was Columbus. I have carefully stated in my first chapter what my conception is of the Freudian contribution to psychology. In view of this it is not legitimate to attribute to me other conceptions. Moreover, I have called Hook's attention to this fact already, in answer to one of his abusive letters. He knows that I am *not* duped by the Freudian mythology—his pretense that I am, continued after reading my letter, can not even pretend to be honest.[1]

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[1]Mr. Hook has discovered that Marx does not use the word unconscious in the Freudian manner as a noun. He neglects to observe that I also, restating Freud "in a not too narrowly Freudian way," do not use it as a noun. I spent a futile half hour last spring arguing with Freud himself about this very question. As for "Dewey's studied avoidance of Freud," it would not alter my opinion, but I have not found any such timidity or squeamishness in

I am not going through every one of the twelve paragraphs of falsification concealed under a parade of irrelevant perverting, that Hook has composed about my book. These three examples are enough to forewarn the student who may have imagined that his article was honest criticism, or even an attack that might be relied on for a true intimation of my theme and argument.

I do not know Sidney Hook, nor understand his motives in trying to pretend that my book it not what it is. In one of the strange letters he wrote me upon its publication, he stated that he himself had "been working for the last three years on a study of Marxism as a practical judgment." The publication of my book must have been a keen disappointment to him.

His erudition, however, is genuine, and if he would sit down, conquering his vanity, and read my book through with respect and criticize it with sincerity, a real point of dispute would arise between us. For Hook seems sincerely convinced that Marx adopted a thorough-going instrumental view of human intelligence, and believed in the degree of indeterminism, etc., implied by such a view. I think this is a totally erroneous and fantastic opinion, and that I have given the true account of Marx's mind. My account involves an original interpretation of Hegel's doctrine of liberty and necessity, and of the "Theses on Feuerbach" and other early writings of Marx. My argument here is closely reasoned. Since Hook chooses to treat my reasonings as the pyrotechnics of a literary man who has no serious purpose or knowledge of his subject, of course no dispute between us is possible. I merely point out, for the benefit of those interested, that this real disagreement exists along with the flagrant misrepresentations which constitute the substance of Hook's article.

As to my ignorance of the early writings of Marx, Hook adduces to prove it an early writing which I have quoted at length on pages 99-100, and to which I have alluded on page 245 in the same connection he does. He thus only proves his own unscholarly reading of my book.

John Dewey. In a conversation of only two or three months ago, Dewey and I were in accord—as we were, so far as I can remember, years ago—both as to the real and great contribution of Freud to human knowledge, and as to the particular kind of bunk that is mixed up with it.

As to Max Eastman's Mentality

Sidney Hook

(This is Mr. Hook's reply to the article by Mr. Eastman immediately preceding)

MAX EASTMAN is attempting to deceive the readers of The Modern Quarterly. I am going to prove this to the hilt.

To begin with a typical example. In my review of his book on *Marx and Lenin* I quoted two passages from Marx which flatly contradict Eastman's thesis. In his rejoinder Eastman says with an air of crushing refutation that these writings "have been quoted at length" on p. 99-100, and alluded to on p. 245 of his book. Let us turn to pp. 99-100 of his book. What do we find? *An entirely different quotation which has not the remotest connection to the passages I cited.* I quoted from p. 195 of *Die Heilige Familie,* Chap. 6, (*Nachlass,* Vol. II), and from a magazine article of Marx's reprinted on p. 416 of the same volume. Eastman's quotation is from p. 132 of *Die Heilige Familie,* Chap. IV. Let us look at p. 245 of his book. *Here, too, there is absolutely no reference to the specific passages I cited.* Every reader interested in finding out for himself whether Eastman is lying and libelling me or whether I am lying and libelling him, is invited to look these passages up and all the others I shall soon quote.

The fact that Eastman showers abuse upon me instead of answering my *arguments* is an indirect confession of the logical predicament in which he finds himself. Ignoring my criticisms, he has seized upon the word "queer" in one of my sentences and claims that the use of that word is evidence of crass misrepresentation on my part. What is the truth here? "Queer" is a word which I use to characterize what Marx would have to be if Eastman's interpretation of his doctrines were true. I could have chosen my words more exactly but the thought is clear. Why would Marx have to be queer (to put it mildly) if Eastman's interpretation were true? (1) Because Eastman believes that theoretically Marx was not consistent with himself (pp. 56 and 71 of his book); (2) because Eastman believes that, in addition, Marx's political *practice* flatly contradicts his "fatalism" (pp. 71 and 42); (3) because Eastman believes that Marx's acceptance of dialectic makes his philosophy a form of "animistic religion" (pp. 41, 58); (4) because Eastman believes that what is sound in Marxism can be stated in terms of Freudian psychology (Chap. 8). As against Eastman I have maintained (1) that Marx's apparent inconsistencies were matters of *relative emphasis* at *different* times and against *different* opponents; (2) that Marx, far from being a fatalist, who believed in the inevitability of socialism independent of human activity, underscored human purposes (see the passages I quote in my review), asserting however that they are objectively conditioned; (3) that the existence

of a dialectical element in nature is implied in all thinking in which time enters and that this involves neither animism nor mysticism; and (4) that the confusion between the *motive* behind thinking and the *purpose* in thinking (which is a question of logical relevance) makes all psychoanalysis foreign both to the ideas of Marx and modern instrumental pragmatism.

But Eastman side-steps my *arguments* and reacts to the word "queer." He says that he regards Marx as "one of the greatest men in the history of science." Let us see. The three fundamental doctrines in Marx's work are (a) the theory of the class struggle; (b) the doctrine of surplus value, and (3) the theory of historical materialism. What does Eastman say of each? (a) Commenting upon Marx's statement that "all past history, with the exception of its primitive stages, was the history of class struggles," Eastman writes on p. 65, "What is the truth under this *obviously preposterous* assertion?" (my italics); (b) of Marx's theory of value, Eastman writes on p. 95, "It would be difficult to find in the whole history of science a more mystical and unreal construction," and on p. 104 he says that the difference between Marx's *Capital* and other kinds of Bibles "are not fundamental" (this from a man who is confessedly an amateur in economics, p. 95, and who knows next to nothing about scientific method); (3) and on p. 60 he refers to Marx's theory of historical materialism as "the animistic personification of history." As to Marx's philosophy of dialectical materialism, he says on pp. 44-45 that it does not escape from "idealistic philosophy" and that as against scientific materialism Marx was defending a "materialistic religion." *If* all this were true, Marx would be the greatest muddle-head that ever abused the patience of paper. But I for one believe that Eastman is muddled and not Marx.

Eastman might perhaps answer that Marx's greatness consists in that he created the "science of revolution" of which he, Eastman, has given "a modern formulation." But listen to this. Speaking of the relation between Marxism and anarchism, Eastman says, " . . . the practical science in Marxism was misborn and crippled to fit the forms of a metaphysical religion. . . " (p. 128), and on p. 168, "In Marx the Hegelian metaphysician was *dominant* over the practical scientific thinker" (my italics).

In view of all this I do not have to apologize to Eastman for writing that he "interprets Marx's views as the confused personal expression of a queer German," but to the readers of THE MODERN QUARTERLY. I should have used a *stronger* expression.

Eastman's attempt to back water on the subject of Freud is another futile dodge. Freud's great contribution to knowledge, Eastman declares, is the discovery of rationalization, i. e., the fact that people are not always conscious of their own motives and the "real" reasons behind their acts—a commonplace since the Greek tragedians and a statement which Freud himself would regard as ridiculous as

a description of what the theory of psychoanalysis is. But all this aside. The question I raised was what is the *relevance* of the Freudian psychology, no matter how interpreted, to the problem of *logical validity in scientific thinking* in general, and to Marx's thinking in particular? Is our judgment of the *validity* of any man's contribution altered in the slightest by our knewledge of the *motives* which may or may not have actuated him? Newton, for example, pursued his researches because of religious reasons. How does that affect our judgment of their truth? To introduce questions of motives when we are interested in establishing the truth or falsity of a proposition is disastrous to logical thinking.

As a case in point let us examine Eastman's thinking. He says, toward the close of his rejoinder, that my interpretation of Marx is "totally erroneous and fantastic." Very well, then we have two contradictory interpretations of the same texts. How shall we settle it? Eastman disregards my arguments and citations and goes on a psychoanalytic search for the motives behind my attack. He comes to the conclusion that I am keenly disappointed because he has anticipated me by publishing a book on my subject. Note here beside the irrelevant *argument ad hominem* the bad psychology. If our interpretations were the *same* there *might* be some psychological plausibility in such a statement despite its logical irrelevance. But since, as he admits, our views on Marx are worlds apart, is it not more plausible to assume that I should welcome an opportunity to show how false his position was? And since, as he admits, my erudition is genuine (a compliment I cannot return) and my interest sincere, is it not altogether irrelevant to drag in psychoanalysis to account for my opposition? It is a pity that Eastman did not take the advice which Schiller gave him years ago in the *Journal of Philosophy* to study formal logic. Not that formal logic is sufficient in itself but it can do for weak minds what spectacles can do for weak eyes.

One more point and I am through with Max Eastman. With characteristic bad taste he has referred to my letters and tried to create the impression that they (two in all) were written to him out of the blue sky, so to speak. The truth of the matter is that my letters were *replies* to his. His first letter was written not to me but *about* me and was addressed to Egmont Arens of the *New Masses* who forwarded it on to me. The letter was written *apropos* of an article which I submitted entitled "Marx and Freud" criticizing Eastman. In his letter Eastman accused me of writing about his book without every having seen a copy of it, of not having read a word of Marx and modestly closed with the advice to read his own book to learn what Marxism really was. I replied asking him to join issue on the argument but his rejoinder consisted of a lame attempt to psychoanalyze me instead of answering my arguments against psychoanalysis and his interpretation of Marx. I hereby brand as a flagrant falsehood his statement that in a letter to me he

dissociated his views from what he *now* calls Freudian mythology. The point of my argument, however, is that no matter in what emasculated version Freudianism is defended, as far as *scientific thinking* is concerned it is all pure mythology.

As for my morals—they need no defense against a man who has been found guilty time and again of systematically abusing texts and contexts to save his own face and discredit others.

Historical Materialism and the New Science

Haim Kantorovitch

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL is well known for his humanitarianism. He was as willing to give up his freedom in his humanitarian fight against war as he has been to risk his reputation as a philosopher in his not less humanitarian attempt to popularize knowledge for the masses. Seeing that "there is in our time a widening gulf between the scientific specialist and the ordinary intelligent man" he has decided to give up his calling as an original philosopher and mathematician, to devote his entire time to popularizing the new sciences for the general reader. Whether he is very successful as a popularizer is still an unsettled question, but that he is very efficient and productive in his new task, there can be no doubt. We often are simply stunned by the rapidity with which he writes and publishes his popular books.

Lately he has undertaken the difficult task of teaching the new physics to the readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* (issue of May 26, 1928). He could not, of course, content himself by simply stating wherein and in what ways the new physics differs from the old physics. He has taken upon himself a much greater task: to show how the new physics revolutionizes all our beliefs; what beliefs we must, in accordance with this newer science, abandon, and what beliefs we must put in their place.

"I think," says Mr. Russell, "that if we were to search for one short phrase to characterize the difference between the newer physics and that of past times, I should choose the following: The world is not composed of "things." Startling, is it not? Just imagine a world composed not of "things!" By things we are, of course, to understand material things, for, after all, even according to Mr. Russell, there are "things" in the world, only they really are "apparitions, changing gradually as time goes on." That is, there are in the world "things" that are "not things" that appear to us as "things." In his former works Mr. Russell used to call these "things" relations, sense data; now, in obedience to the dictates of the newer physics he has changed their names to "inferences" or

"events." In order to make his thought more popular he illustrates it thus: when you watch a game of billiards you think that one ball hits another and pushes the other away. This, however, is an illusion. The balls never touch; the outer electrons in the one repel the outer electrons in the other; these outer electrons try to move inward, but are in turn repelled by those that they are thus compelled to approach. That is, of course, very instructive, and certainly very interesting for those who did not know it, but as yet, there is nothing astonishing about it. The most important and most amazing thing (apparition) is what follows. Why do the balls move after all? Because, "there gets to be *an unpleasant sense* (i. e., in the balls) of overcrowding. There is nothing for the whole lot to do except to *move away,* and *look* for a place where they *do not have such unpleasant neighbors.*" "And further," it is not that the electrons are actually in contact during the jostle; it is merely that they *dislike* the too close proximity of other electrons." Just imagine the wonders of the newer physics! The balls that are really no balls at all, but only electrons that are not really electrons but only "forms of radiant energy, or, as Schrodinger's vanes," have an *unpleasant sense,* they *move away,* they *look* for other places, they *dislike* certain things; in short, they are really smart electrons, knowing well what is good for them, looking for better places, and avoiding bad neighbors. If they have an unpleasant sense, they must at least be able to sometimes have also a pleasant sense. We must then go a step further and imagine that those electrons are able to feel and to distinguish between the pleasant and unpleasant. If they have no consciousness, they must at least possess some kind of faculty of awareness; maybe they have a soul, too, maybe even an immortal soul. Who knows what the newer physics will yet discover?

And yet, to one who is acquainted with the history of philosophy, and especially with its metaphysical branch, there is nothing in what Mr. Russell says. It has been proclaimed by metaphysicians since Plato, and registered in the history of Philosophy under the names of idealism, animism, or antropomorphism.

That the world does not consist of "things" or at least, that we know nothing about the things as they really are, that we deal in apparitions, is as old as philosophy itself. Mr. Russell himself admits it. "To the metaphysician," he says, "this is no new plea." The only difference between the old Metaphysics and the new is, according to Mr. Russell, that "in the past the metaphysician could not point to the technique of science, as being on his side." Now it is different; metaphysics can now call science to its aid, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of" was once a piece of poetic imagination; now it is among the presuppositions of physics."

How sweet it must sound to the metaphysician! But it is not the entire truth. The truth is that the idealist metaphysician was always convinced that science was on his side, while the materialist was

always convinced that between idealism and science there is and always would be an impassable precipice. Both the idealist and materialist are still alive, and both are still convinced, each that science is on his side. It is, after all, a matter of interpretations, and it certainly would not harm Mr. Russell to remember the advice he gave his readers in his book of *Sceptical Essays,* "that it is undesirable to believe a proposition when there is no ground whatever for supposing it true."

But Mr. Russell has a more important function than simply to popularize the newer physics. What he really intends to do is to drive home the philosophical consequences of these new discoveries: these consequences are summarized in this—"that is, of course, the death blow to materialism." So at last we have it. Materialism, the philosophy that has been so often, and so many times, killed, is killed again by Mr. Russell, with the help of the newer physics.

What exactly is it that made Mr. Russell pronounce the death sentence on materialism? The fact that "the essence of materialism has always been the belief that the world consisted of billiard balls, or to take another illustration, that of the beam of light sent out by a lighthouse on a dark night. To the materialist it is evident "that the lighthouse is real and solid and tangible." In other words, the fault of the materialist is that he sees "things" as real, and affirms the reality of matter. Billiard balls to him are billiard balls and lighthouses are lighthouses. This is very unscientific, because nobody really knows what matter is, and what is more, there is a grave doubt whether there is such a thing as matter at all.

If materialism should really affirm that it knows what matter is or that "the sole reality is matter," as Mr. Russell says elsewhere (in his introduction to *Lange's History of Materialism*), or that the essence of materialism should be as some believe, the belief that the object is identical with our sensation of it, as Lange says, Mr. Russell's criticism would not only be true and justifiable, it would really be superfluous, because that kind of materialism, naive or common sense materialism, really belongs to a historic past. It is a stage of philosophy now buried. But is this materialism? This we deny.

F. A. Lange has written a history of materialism; Mr. Russell commends that history strongly. He thinks it is an important and useful book. We agree with him in this, but if there is a history of materialism, there must have been different schools of materialism. Which one does the newer physics kill? Is it the atomic materialism of Democritus, or the theological materialism of the Middle Ages, or the anthropological materialism of Feuerbach, or the metaphysical materialism of the French philosophers of the 18th century, or the dialectic materialism of Marx and Engels? These various schools differed among themselves in no lesser degree than they all differed from idealism.

The opponents of materialism, however, seem always to have in mind only one kind of materialism: the metaphysical and dogmatic—the one that professed to solve all the riddles of the universe by reference to the properties of matter, and reduce everything to the "movement of one atom." It is no accident, for instance, that Professor Walter T. Marvin informs his students of philosophy that "for literature on materialistic side, the student is referred to Ludwig Buchner, *Kraft und stoff*: also to David Straus, *Der alte und der neue Glaube.*" So also does Prof. Paulson in his *Introduction to Philosophy*: and so do many others. Whenever an anti-materialist wants to show his audience a *real* materialist, he exhibits Buchner, Moleshot, Fogt, et ali. The reason for it is evident, it is just as easy to refute Buchner as it is hard to refute Engels or Plekhanov.

Materialism to most who do not really know, or do not want to know what it is, is usually identified with the common sense view that billiard balls are billiard balls and lighthouses are lighthouses. It is taken as the philosophy of the unphilosophical; as the philosophy of the "man in the street" who, unable to see farther than his nose, takes things as they are, and firmly believes in their reality. Professor Marvin teaches his students truth about materialism thus.[1] "The earliest ontological theories are materialistic, and we must conclude that materialism is naturally the first answer of man to the ontological problem"; primitive man, as we see, was a natural materialist, because "the primitive way of looking at things is an incipient materialism." (Introduction to Systematic Philosophy, p. 185.) How much truth is there in this statement? No truth whatsoever. "Materialism is as old as philosophy, but not older," declares F. A. Lange in his history of materialism, attacking this contention that materialism is unphilosophic, a relic of the primitive, common sense, naive, view of the world. That primitive man was the opposite of the materialist, one can discover from any book on anthropology. "It would seem," says Professor McDougal in his *Body and Mind*, "that from a very remote period men of almost all races have entertained the belief that the living man differs from the corpse in that his body contains some more subtle thing as a principle which determines its purposive movements, its growth and self-repair and to which is due his capacity for sensation, thought and feeling, for the belief in some such *animating principle or soul* is held by almost every existing race of man, no matter how lowly their grade of culture nor how limited their mental powers, and we find evidences of a similar belief among the earliest human records."[2]

If McDougal is right, and there can be no doubt about it, primitive man was very far from being the natural materialist that the

[1] I quote Professor Marvin simply because I have his by no means bad book before me. His view of materialism is typical of most, if not of all other professors of philosophy.

[2] *Body and Mind*: a history and defense of animism by William Mcdougal. P. 1.

idealist professors have tried to make out of him. On the contrary, if philosophic terminology is to be applied to the mentality of primitive man, he was really an idealist. Professor Edward Taylor was certainly right when he saw philosophic materialism as the refined, and greatly developed, and civilized continuation of primitive animism. There is nothing new in this; after Engels and Plekhanov, it is an established truth.

"What is animism?" asks G. V. Plekhanov, and answers, "it is the effort of the savage (primitive man) to explain to himself the phenomena of nature, no matter how weak, how helpless this effort is; it is unavoidable under the conditions in which primitive man finds himself."

Animism establishes the belief in spirits, souls, invisible powers as *causes* and as rulers—"on the sail of this animism religion arises, though its further development is determined by the evolution of society.

But, not only religion grew on this animistic soil. It was a soil fertile also for the idealist philosophy—"once the belief in the creation of the world by some spirit was established, the soil was prepared for all those philosophic systems in which spirit (subject) is the underlying principle that determines, in one way or another, nature (object); this justifies us in taking all spiritualist, and idealistic philosophy—as opposed to materialistic—as a continuation of primitive animism."[3]

Idealism, arising out of animism together with religion, has taken among the more cultured the place of religion. Due to special social causes, religion has become one of the strongest pillars of the *status quo* of every society. Where religion *as such* with the superstitions that have grown up around it, could not serve its social purpose, idealistic philosophy has been evoked. "Philosophy," says John Dewey . . . "was . . . invented in a fanciful way, in order to justify and preserve the existing social fabric. . . . The sanction of traditional authority was its motive,"[4] and so it has remained until and including today, we may add.

What is really the fundamental difference between materialism and idealism? It is the difference between common sense and philosophy, the anti-materialist professors imagine. "Almost all men of today are vaguely materialists," says Professor Marvin, meaning to say that the everyday man, the Babbitt of today, is naturally a materialist. This is also Mr. Bertrand Russell's belief, but is is no more true than the assertion that primitive man is a natural materialist. The truth is that Babbitt is in mortal dread of materialism; he knows (his preacher told him, and he has read it in his newspaper) that the materialist wants to rob him of his immortal soul, and makes fun of the Christian virtues, of which he is so proud.

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[3]G. V. Plekhanov: Collected Works (Russian), Vol. 18, pp. 299-302.
[4]*Reconstruction in Philosophy,* by John Dewey, chapter first.

Babbitt could not conceive a world without a supreme power, without a "boss"—"If you can't elect a president without a political boss, how could you imagine a universe without one?" such is the logic of a Babbitt. Living in a class society, where only "socialists and damned foreign agitators" dare imagine a society without bosses, foremen, rulers, and supreme powers, Babbitt can not be anything but an idealist; he must have a God, and if he is already "cultured" he will have at least an absolute idea, a spiritual substance, or something like it; of materialism he is afraid; it "smacks" of socialism. To be a materialist means to quarrel with the church (and with all respectable people). It means to become a rebel.

Now we have said it! That was the misfortune of materialism; under its banner rebels gathered. It was inscribed on the banner of nearly every revolutionary class, it served the "ancient lowly" as well as the rising revolutionary bourgeoisie, just as it now serves the revolutionary working class. That was its misfortune; that caused the mighty and powerful, the rulers of the earth and of people's minds, to look at it not as upon a philosophy to which one is opposed, but as at an enemy that must be exterminated at all costs and by all means. Idealism has been combatted by philosophers, with purely philosophic weapons, but materialism has had the distribution of being combatted by philosophers, together with the church, the state, the school and the newspapers. Idealism may have been declared in error, but materialism was always an enemy, and an enemy must be destroyed even if he is correct: One was *always* reared and educated to be an anti-materialist.

That the fight of the ruling classes against materialism was successful, the whole history of philosophy can testify. Even people who really were, and are materialists, (Spinoza, Descartes, the agnostics, and even Mr. Bertrand Russell) were and are still willing to distort their own philosophies rather than take upon themselves the stigma of materialism.

But aside from its "social misfortune," what is this materialism?[5]

The essence of materialism could be expressed, translated in modern language, thus: ". . . it abandons the claim to a special philosophic method or a peculiar brand of knowledge to be obtained by its means. It regards philosophy as essentially one with science, differing from the special sciences merely by the generality of its problems, and by the fact that it is concerned with the formation of hypotheses where empirical evidence is still lacking. It conceives that all knowledge is scientific knowledge, to be ascertained and proved by the methods of science." . . . This is a good definition of materialism. Plekhanov would take it as his own. Engels would agree with that. Every one of the French materialists would sign some such declara-

[5]We have now in mind exclusively metaphysical materialism; historical and dialectic materialism, will be discussed separately.

tion, but, lo! it was taken from Mr. Bertrand Russell's *Philosophy in the Twentieth Century.*[6]

The doubting reader may now shake his head. Is that really materialism? Does not materialism boast of knowing what matter really is, of reducing everything to atoms? Did not Mr. Edward Bernstein, for instance, one who is supposed to know what materialism is, express the essence of materialism when he said, "the materialist believes only in atoms?" Edward Bernstein certainly said it, hundreds of others also said it, but it is not true. D'Holbach, the author of the *Syeteme de la nature,* who we may assume also knew what materialism is, has this to say: "We do not know the essence of any object, if by essence is to be understood that which constitutes its own inner nature, we know matter only by our sensations of it and ideas about it."

. . . "Matter is for us that which excites, in one way or another our external organs; and the properties which we ascribe to matter are based on the different impressions and changes that it produces in us," and further: "we know neither one essence, nor the true nature of matter, though we are capable of ascertaining some of its properties and qualities, in relation with its influence upon us."

And here is La Mettrie, that "Enfant perdu" of materialism as Plekhanov calls him; what has he to say about this materialistic dogmatism, that the "belief in atoms" solves all problems? This is what he has to say: "The essence of the human and animal soul is unknown to us, and will always remain unknown, just as the essence of matter and bodies. But though we do not know the essence of matter, we are nevertheless compelled to acknowledge (as real) those properties (i. e., of matter) that it uncovers to us through our external organs."[7]

Do these statements assert that "we believe only in atoms" or the dogmatic belief in matter, which is ascribed to materialism?

Plekhanov has called the philosophy of Mach "cowardly idealism." This could just as well be applied to Mr. Russell's own philosophy, as well as to the whole school that is known as "neo-realism." Driven by modern science towards materialism, they cannot accept that thorough-going discipline which materialism requires. Mr. Russell is, for instance, very bitter against idealism. Idealism he believes leads to solipsism, but in his book, *Our Knowledge of the External World,* he himself eliminates physical objects from the world, and to the question: what remains, of what is the universe constituted? he replies: It is composed of sense data, but some data are not physical, not material objects, hence the idealism that was driven out through the door, comes in again through the window. Even his *Analysis of Mind,* where he has made a few more steps in the

[6]See Sceptical Essays, by Bertrand Russell, p. 71.

[7]G. V. Plekhanov: *Beitrage zur Geschichte des Materialismus;* also Vol. II of his collected works. (Russian.)

direction of materialism, is an "unfinished" work; the "cowardly idealism" accompanies him always. "To destroy matter was to feel the soul," Berkeley said; to affirm the reality of matter is to destroy the soul. The neo-realist dilemma is how to destroy the soul, and yet preserve it. These philosophers would feel just as uncomfortable entirely without the traditional soul as with it.

The materialist is a thorough-going scientific realist. He does not compromise; he finds no place in the universe for anything spiritual that is not a property of matter. The fact that we do not know what matter really is in itself, does not drive the materialist back to idealism. It leads him instead to the laboratory. "If we derive the scheme of the universe," says Engels in his *Anti-Dühring,* not from our own brain (as the idealist does) but merely by means of our own brain, from the material world then we need no philosophy, but simply a knowledge of the world and what occurs in it, and the results of this knowledge likewise do not constitute a philosophy, but positive science."[8]

It is true, of course, that the old materialism was often very metaphysical; some have sinned against it by creating "systems." French materialism of the eighteenth century had many faults and shortcomings. It was non-evolutionary, mechanical.

It has left no psychology. It could not apply its own theories to the explanation of social and historical phenomena, but this was not the fault of the individual philosophers: they were simply the children of their age. Materialism enriched with the results of modern science, materialism without any metaphysical dogmatism, blended with the newer psychology and sociology, must become the philosophy of today. In the works of Marx, Engels, and Plekhanov were laid the foundations for such a philosophy; to bring it in conformity with that wealth of science that has accumulated since their time, is our task today.

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[8]*Landmarks of Scientific Socialism,* by Frederick Engels.

Woman and Culture
or
The Seven Tasks of Woman

by

Alexander Goldenweiser

IS there woman?

The question is often asked and, by some, answered in the negative; there is no woman, only mankind: men and women. Over and above some obvious anatomical traits and certain minor physiological peculiarities, there is nothing specificially feminine, nothing that counts or ought to count. Woman differed from man in the past because of what the past did to her. If she failed in this or that, it is because man did not let her. All this is bound to change, is changing, almost, has changed. No, woman is not a sub-variety of man, she *is* man, or will be quite as soon as the education of the boy and the girl becomes the same. Woman feels as man does, acts as he, is as rational as man, or as irrational. The eternal feminine, on analysis, proves but a phantasy of the male: it is neither eternal nor feminine. There is no woman, only Man.

All this may be so, but in this drastic form it is at best somewhat premature. As a vision, worthy or otherwise, it may pass muster, but not as fact. History is still with us, we are still immersed in the past, and the picture drawn by history differs materially from the above. Historically, certainly, there was woman, psychologically—at least as a possibility—there may yet be woman, and even the eternal feminine might once more, some day, emerge from its present eclipse.

The achievements and disabilities of woman in the past, have been discussed in another place.[1] It was there argued that woman's failure, even in recent days, to perform quite on the level of man at his best, particularly in the domain of abstract creativeness, can no longer be accounted for by woman's social disabilities. Hence, a theory was suggested to account for the facts.

This aspect of the problem need not here concern us. Whatever the reason and significance of woman's relative failure along certain lines, there can be no doubt that her outstanding contribution in the present and the immediate future will lie in the domain and refer to problems in which she has already made her mark. What is this domain? Which are the problems?

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[1]See my Man the Creator, *The Nation*, 1925.

THE SEVEN TASKS OF WOMAN

The domain in which woman has excelled comprises the technical, social and the human. Women have always been great technicians, skillful manipulators, in the literal sense of the term, they have always made many things well. Even today when many men are incapable of any skillful or technical performance, there is scarcely a woman in any class of society who cannot make at least something well.

Woman as a social being has shown her mettle in a double way: as a practical psychologist and as an expert in things social, by which is meant not the formal organization of society but social life itself. Woman is more observant, sensitive, responsive in psychological matters than is man. It has always been so, as the great realistic novelists never tire pointing out. Few are the men who can quickly and correctly size up the mood of another person, few the women who cannot do so. Even in Anglo-Saxon countries where personalia, personal analyses, revelations and confessions, stand in ill-repute, women enjoy the handling of such personal matters and excell in the process, while men eschew it. Women understand men and like them nonetheless, for all that; men do not understand women and like them the more on that account. Women also understand women: they are on to women, as it were. This is why many a woman who succeeds splendidly with men, fails to establish equally smooth contacts with women—the little tricks of psychological sleight-of-hand simply fail to connect. Dismally so. Women who may look up to certain men for their imaginativeness, moral courage or intellectual ability, will yet look upon them as mere "big boys" in matters of life and life wisdom. And well do they know whereof they speak.

As between man and woman, moreover, she is the more social. If we grant to Aristotle that man is a political animal, woman is the social one. Woman takes to social relations (including conversation) more readily and normally than does man. Also, she takes them more realistically, she enjoys them more. They mean more to her. For this reason, woman is, by and large, more practical, orderly and efficient—all social virtues rather than individual ones.

It is not surprising that woman should have responded, as she always did, to all things human. To her, indeed, nothing human is foreign. Her central concern is life itself. Man is interested in all sorts of things; woman, as woman, is interested in men and women and life (including birth and death) as a human experience.

Turning now to the problems confronting the world today, these problems—or one set of basic problems—will be found to lie in the domains of the human, the social, and, in one instance, the technical. These problems, which at the same time constitute "the tasks of woman," are: the revival of arts and crats; reform of criminology and the penal system; education; reconstruction of the

family; rejuvenation of the less formal and lighter forms of social life; equitable solution of racial questions; substitution of peace for war.

Task one: *revival of arts and crafts.* Craft, technically skilled and artistic, has been one of man's most absorbing and satisfying pursuits from the beginning of time until the Industrial Revolution and a little beyond. Men and women fashioned many things and did it well. They enjoyed the process. Art craft, however restricted by tradition and style, always left room for individuality, self-expression, the joys of expert manipulation, the pride of a technical task well done and successfully concluded.

The machine wiped out all this. Relentlessly, like a steam-roller, it passed over a world of beautiful things, and stamped them out. When its work was done, nothing remained but many fit and efficient-looking things, similar, matter-of-fact, bare, depersonalized, dead. These things were made piecemeal, by many men and women attending on machines. They got nothing out of it but their daily bread, if that.

But the instinct of workmanship was never wholly destroyed. Veblen gave it a name, but it was there all along, passive under duress. In many ways and forms, arts and crafts are beginning to sprout once more. Watchmakers' guilds, associations of gold and silver smiths, cooperative communities where furniture, interior decorations, vases, ornaments, jewelry, are fashioned by the hands of artists, craftsmen, or just dabbling amateurs, male and female, with a spark,—all these are symptoms of an awakening, an impending revival.

Women, always at man's side in such matters, are conspicuous here also, and their ranks are likely to be swelled before very long by the arrival of many others who, having tired of doing things men alone used to do, just to be like men, will return and turn to the things they like.

Task two: *reform of criminology and the penal system.* What is meant is not the legal but the extra-legal side. In the prison reform movement, especially in England and the United States, women have long played a not inconspicuous part, and this part is likely to be enlarged when some traditional prejudices hampering woman's participation in this work are allayed. But this is not all: as has often been said, to prevent crime or nip it in the bud is more important than to punish or even reform the criminal. In that department of social work which deals with infantile delinquency and family case study, women far outnumber men. Where technical equipment collapses before a human situation, woman's sensibilities often show her a way out of the difficulty.

Owing to certain advances in psychiatric science, recent experiments in prison reform and the growing interest of the public in such matters—a distinctly new trend—the exploration of the

sociology of crime, especially in its applied aspects, may before long become one of the major preoccupations of the community. In this work women will more than hold their own.

Task three: *education.* At all times, woman, the mother and keeper of the home, was almost of necessity also the educator. This has continued through the ages. Deliberately or unconsciously, woman has always educated. Sensitive to personality, responsive to moods, consoling in distress, she has always exerted the influence testified to so eloquently in the biographies and autobiographies of countless eminent men.

In the United States today woman reigns in two vastly differing spheres of education and teaching: the conventional and the unconventional, the traditional public school mill and the inspiring laboratory of the experimental school.

Of all world problems education is probably the most pressing and the most significant. Either we can help turn the Wheels of History a little more intelligently and humanely than heretofore, help by education, or we cannot do it at all. In this transcendant work woman must show the way. And she has already begun.

Task four: *reconstruction of the family.* As shown above, the home was at all times woman's place, speaking historically if not otherwise. It was also her place in the sun, for in the home woman reigned even in the days—and they were many—when the husband was *de jure* her lord and master. The very fact that she was in permanent occupation, while he, more often than not, was a visitor, more or less regular, tended to give her the whip hand. The comfort of the home, moreover, its congeniality, was altogether of her making, or unmaking. On his return to the domestic hearth, he would find warmth, dinner and rest, if she so chose, but not if she failed him. In the latter case, she might get a thrashing or, eventually, be even put out of the house. But the fact remains that these essentials of existence depended on her, and the wise man—there always were some—knew it. Over and above all this, the subtle atmosphere of love life was even more fully of her making. Contrary to a common but silly male illusion—unchallenged by women—the wife, mistress or sweetheart, at all times controls the love or sex relation. Being the more ardently desired, she has the initial advantage; being love wise, she can make use of it—and she does (remember the South African's definition of courtship: a man running after a woman until she gets him).

Of late, the family has come into disrepute. It is being attacked on several fronts. Woman protests against the economic and legal advantages still to a degree retained by her husband (so they say). So, leaving the home, actually or practically, she goes to work. Advanced educationists raise a tremendous ado over the mother as a universal nuisance. If only we could rid ourselves of mothers—so clamor extremists—the problem of education would be half solved.

Result: all sorts of frenzied notions about state or institutional control and raising of children. Up-to-date individualists protest vigorously against the family—legalized marriage or monogamy—as inherently in conflict with the life problems of a free, creative, independent personality (male or female). They forget that identical difficulties are encountered by those outside of matrimony.

The fact remains that many of the best women have left the home, in fact or in attitude, or are about to do so. This is the real problem. Let us be honest about it. Society has found no substitute for the home, the mother or marriage (yes, monogamy, with all the "buts" or "ifs"). The old family was built around the old fashioned woman. Modern woman does not fit into the old setting—she has outgrown her throne. So in protest she has departed. The family has lost its balance wheel. But she will return. The new family will be built around the modern woman returned to the home.

Task five: *rejuvenation of the less formal and lighter forms of social life.* Political systems and legal codes may constitute the skeleton of the social organism but they are not its body. The body of society, its life, is in the men and women who compose it. This life is less regular than traditional formalism would have it. While politics and law are like canals, uniform and purposive, with firmly buttressed rectilinear flanks, social life flows like a river, over an uneven bottom and between ever changing shores. Also, it may run at high tide or at low.

The tide of social life is at its lowest in modern America—the United States. Lower than in primitive communities, Greece or Rome, or the towns of the Middle Ages, or even the cities of Europe today. Lower, because less varied, picturesque, animated or joyful. The curse of uniformity and drabness has fallen upon the life of the American city. People have forgotten how to live: they have no time and they have lost the art. Not a mere coincidence this, for the art of living, like other arts, requires time: all art shuns hurry. There is no friendship in our neighborhoods, no gaiety in our places of amusement, no gastronomy in our eating and drinking, no coming together of people except for a "purpose"; sports which ought to be play, have become hard-driven, dead-earnest technical pursuits. We have no places like the European cafés where one can go to sit and have a drink (hard or soft), and look about, and listen or not listen, talk or not talk, and feel oneself part of the community, and have another drink (hard) and go. Shop talk at least has a point, light talk lacks even that; but light serious talk—conversation—is a lost art. Therefore also, wit has almost disappeared, while humor parades about—garishly enough—in a straight-jacket of convention.

Now, it has long been understood, among the cognoscenti, that woman's socio-political disabilities have seldom, if ever, extended to the domain of social life, in the above sense. The social creature

par excellence, she thrives in social settings and they thrive through her. It was so among primitive folk, in the nations of antiquity, in the Italian cities of the Rennaissance, in the salons of eighteenth century France and in upper and middle class Russia of the last century.

If the modern trend towards a freer individualism and experimental education, which is its fulcrum, do not fail utterly, they will in time bear fruit in a generation of joyful and socialized individualists who will burst through the fog of our drabness, do away with "jazz," the Ku Klux Klan, Main Street, secret societies, Rotarians, conventions, and—live once more. In the richer life of the new age woman will reign again, as her sisters of antiquity and prehistory have reigned before her.

Task six: *equitable solution of racial questions.* Problems of race are being attacked from a scientific, a political and a human angle. However important the scientific approach may be, it will not solve the problems of race. What makes race a problem are attitudes, feelings, prejudices. The scientist's verdict may interest a few, but it is powerless to offset the burning emotions of men. Nor will the politician-economist contribute much. His standpoint is incurably selfish. He may learn to exploit humanely (after the pattern of the Code Maria Theresa which prescribed that one should "torture humanely"), but exploit he will. Race will cease to be a sore of humanty when it will be recognized as a problem of humanity. This recognition is on its way. And in the different movements in which this insight is embodied—International Conciliation, International Peace, International Brotherhood, Inter-Racial Relations Congresses, etc., woman is doing her share and a little beyond.

For some time, moreover, woman has been contributing vicariously towards the solution of the racial problem by refusing to draw a sharp line between race and race in matters matrimonial. White men have been known to look with favor upon native women, but they did not marry them (except in musical comedies and Latin countries). White women, when they choose, insist on marrying men of races other than the white. They used to say: "A man is a man for all that"; now they have learned to say: "he is a man" and let that suffice. Temporarily, acts and attitudes of this sort lead to complications and rather hamper progress in inter-racial relations rather than otherwise. But time is working with humanity. Slowly but irresistibly racial boundaries are being broken down. When men and women of whatever race will be recognized as such (and no questions asked), there will be no racial problem. Towards the realization of this goal, woman, I venture to submit, will do more than man.

Task seven (and last): *Substitution of Peace for War.* Here also one may record different approaches: the political, economic, technical, military. There is no hope for peace from any of these quar-

ters. The militarists will prepare to fight and fight to prepare, politicians, national and international will argue and scheme (behind closed doors), economists will bargain—and war will go on. Peace *vs.* War is a human problem and it will be solved in favor of peace on the human level. One need not be a soldier or a politician or a scientist or a genius or even a great humanitarian to recognize the idiocy and criminality of war. And it is war as criminal and idiotic that needs to be abolished. When the conscience of mankind will sense this truth simply and instinctively—for such is the way of all fundamental insights—war will be outlawed.

There are reasons to believe that this great task of liberation will rest largely on the shoulders of woman. Already women are busy in many lands, in clubs, unions, societies, national and international, at congresses and in parliamentary committees, preparing the fight for peace. The failures of occasional skirmishes do not discourage them. The rising political power of women is putting a new coloration upon all this activity. What were aspirations yesterday may turn into forces tomorrow.

But what beyond all else fits woman for this supreme task is that she can be trusted. Man can not. Woman, the giver of life, has a sense of the worth of life and of the horror of violent death which is not given to man. Woman, it is true, is also human, nor has she escaped the lure which the glamor and glory of war have exercised over men and women alike. But the scales have fallen from her eyes and she is filled with horror. She is in this fight to stay and to win.

In ancient days the God of War abducted woman and made her his slave. With centuries of disability she has paid the price of her freedom. Liberated woman spurns the god. To her he is but a monstrous male. In open battle she will meet her wrongdoer and, having conquered, will banish him from the earth.

Social Development

Arthur W. Calhoun

(Continued)

So long as the potent elements of society are essentially homogeneous, there is likely to be eradication of dissidents. When social power becomes split up, class struggle ensues, frequently expressed in religious slogans, and with persecution back and forth. At a higher stage of political and social integration, compromise and mutual concession become the order of the day. Religious differences remain largely as traditions from the past and cease to express basal economic clashes, hence they become matters of social indifference or are used as convenient political tools, as in the struggle over clericalism in Europe, which is really a matter of party politics and mundane concerns, the clericals not always being strong believers. But tho persecution may cease to be an avowedly religious phenomenon, it does not necessarily subside. Men will always bitterly resent any attack on truths which seem essential to the maintenance of fundamental interests. Even in our secular age, insofar as economic and social struggle takes on a religious garb we shall continue to have religious persecutions, as in the action against the pastor of the "Church of the Social Revolution" for the burning of national emblems; the prosecution of certain ministers for opposition to the war; the suppression of the convention of Christian Pacifists in California during the war. So long, moreover, as there are oppressed groups, they will be likely to gather up into religious sanctities the repressed interests and emotions of their frustrations, and will be easily kindled into religious bitterness.

Religion suited to the needs of the present time will have specific characteristics:

1. Its theology will be supra-personal. The new religion will maintain that the universe is not to be apprehended in terms of mere personality, but in terms of a principle as much higher than personality as personality is higher than the inert stuff of the older, cruder materialism. The immediate step toward an appreciation of the universe is to see it as the medium and tool of a collective spirit that transcends individuality, personality, time, and space. This view, based on the realization of the folk-soul as the abiding entity in human concerns, furnishes a feeling tone for ideals and morality and is thereby of the essence of religion. This new expression of religion is in direct correspondence with the circumstances of present-day society. It does not overemphasize individual personality; it is not a religion of hero-worship, but of reverence toward the strivings of the race as a whole. It thereby matches

the current tendency to substitute the commonsense of all for the illumination of the autocrat. Moreover it subordinates material things to human purposes and fits the tendency in economic matters to make mankind uppermost instead of subordinating life to things.

2. The emphasis of the new religion will be social rather than individualistic. Protestantism has been appropriate to the bourgeois regime of laissez-faire, free competition, individual responsibility for everything, and the devil take—all except the foremost. The new religion will emphasize social control, co-operation, collective responsibility for social conditions, and the equalization of opportunity to attain the highest and best things in life. Thus the new faith will correspond to the external conditions created by machine industry, world transportation, and the consequent interlocking of all men in an inescapable solidarity of work and attainment.

3. It will be spontaneous rather than an imposition by authority. By processes generally understood, modern society is escaping from the necessity of accepting what is handed out by self-styled wisemen. The new religion will have to win its way by offering due respect to men's common sense and by striking a spontaneous response in the impulses and passions of the aroused, enlightened, and democratic group.

4. The new religion will be aggressive rather than receptive, revolutionary rather than conformist. The chief reproach of institutionalized religion has been that in general it has favored obsequiousness and served as a prop for the established order. With the modern acceleration of knowledge and general social progress, society cannot tolerate the pretensions of a religion that does not come in the vanguard of the procession.

Will the religion so described be Christianity? Jesus insisted that his object was the identification of deity and humanity. His "Kingdom of God" is the world commonwealth. He repudiated tradition and precedent and built on the basal impulses of men. His religion became the most fundamental social revolution that the world had ever seen. If we can escape from a cramping literalism and view Jesus in the symbolic sense intrinsic in Hebrew thought, we shall see in his life and work the essential foreshadowing of the religion for today, and in this sense we can speak of the "finality of the Christian religion."

Metaphysics likewise shows remarkable signs of answering to the economic interpretation. It is safe to say that man in general believes what corresponds to the play of social forces at the given evolution stage. Philosophers may assert the independence of thought, but there is no good reason to suppose that speculative thinking is merely a product of the casual mental processes of intellectual geniuses of a resultant of the accumulation of thought processes, culminating logically in a school or a system. As Veblen points out, "the scheme of thought or of knowledge is in good part

a reverberation of the scheme of life." Eucken finds that "historical development transforms truth into a child of the time. . . . All truth becomes relative." The preliminary investigations for a social history of philosophy have indeed scarcely begun, but we may illustrate by a few large topics the hypothesis that it is possible and necessary to write a social interpretation of the history of human thought. It must be kept in mind, naturally, that sporadic notions may arise and gain some little currency without correspondence to the general social situation, but such incidents do not make the main stream of intellectual process. Philosophy has never approached reality in an unbiased way. Belief arises out of emotion and desire and forms itself into social traditions covering the whole range of life. Philosophers cannot escape from the ties of social correlation.

In Greece, as elsewhere, philosophy becomes prominent after the heroic struggle for the conditions of existence have been succeeded by its enjoyment. Wealth and security bring leisure and refinement, and then "the malady of thought." Reflections on the totality of existence do not arise till the freshness of existence has faded. Greek philosophy grew up in Asia Minor, the hive of trade. Now trade involves travel, dealing with remote regions, and acquaintance with variant customs and ideas. Comparison follows, then generalization,—the habits preliminary to orderly thinking of a comprehensive sort. Trade also affords wealth and leisure. It does not, however, develop disinterested thinking among its devotees; so it was necessary to have a class under the influence of the gifts, experience, and knowledge that trade brings and at the same time free from toil and business, with leisure, opportunity, and disposition for research without regard to immediate practical bearings. Accordingly the philosophers' part in a number of Greek cities was performed by great landowners, set free by slave labor from the necessity of working, and who lived not on the land but in the city. Such a class of city-dwelling and philosophizing landlords seems to have arisen only in sea cities with sufficient territory to provide such a landed nobility, but not enough to keep them far from the city and absorb their interests in enlarging their estates.

Greek philosophy was a reflection of the manner of life of certain social classes. Thus the pecuniary cast of Ionian civilization developed secularism. The wealthier classes of Ionia in the seventh and sixth centuries naturally preferred a worldly philosophy. Amid circumstances of decadence and self-indulgence unfolded a materialistic world view; e. g. Anaximander derived man from primitive slime, by accident,—thus with no special mission. Aristotle held the highest possible pursuit of man to be concentrated indulgence in non-practical speculation—the most extreme idleness: the philosophy of a society of idlers sustained by myriads of slaves.

The class struggle also registered itself in Greek philosophy. Most of the philosophers of the first, or cosmological, period were in re-

tirement on account of political persecution. Social conflicts naturally sharpened men's wits and built contending philosophies. Thus Xenophanes asserted an immutable universe which comprehends and determines all minor phenomena; he recognized the permanent in the seeming flux. "All is one and this one is God" is the usual summarization of his metaphysics. The philosophy of the man evidently mirrors his social aspirations; for he was a poor poet, a democrat, desiring a better social order, believing in the unity and equality of all citizens, apparent inequality a deceptive appearance! A great contrast appears in Heraclitus of Ephesus, who made fire the ultimate basis of the world—all-transforming, shifting, passing off into smoke, seizing on and consuming new substance. Everything is always passing into something else, into its opposite. Fire will one day destroy everything. This is the philosophy of the beaten stand-patter, the aristocrat overridden by democracy. The class struggle is clearly reflected in his philosophy: viz. all reality is born of the clash of opposing principles; inequality is the world principle, so that equality would be the death of everything. Parmenides, a pupil of Xenophanes, was a champion of democracy and opposed Heraclitus, declaring that his opposites were only seemingly such, that real being is unified and homogeneous. Thus social equality is the logical conclusion.

The philosophy of the second period is a spiritual counterpart of the objective achievements of the Greek people. Triumph over the Great King initiated a vigorous social impulse that made natural a humanic philosophy. Development of cities cut man off from Nature and made man the measure of all things, so that introspection or ethical reflections became the order of the day. Whereas the old gods were part of Nature, the new God was apart from the anterior to Nature—the Creator of it (a natural conception in a time when man had himself attained a measure of creative power and was able to construct a deity in his own image). Anaxagoras' philosophy of creative intelligence reflects the triumph of human genius in the classical completion of Athens and the intellectual products of the age of Pericles.

America has on the whole been destitute of orginal philosophers of high rank. Preoccupation with the struggle for existence, however disguised, has been supreme, and "a nation must live before it can think." It has been easier to import philosophy from where it can be produced more cheaply. Before the era of steamships and other modern means of communication, it took ideas a generation to travel from Germany to America; but ocean steamers were a success by 1838 and there was a marked German influence on the Transcendental movement. Americans have, however, been independent and critical in their attitude toward systems of thought; for pioneer individualism and individuality tend to the same habit in intellectual matters. Royce said he had not developed disciples

by nineteen years at Harvard. Becelaire declared the classic type of "disciple" to be unknown in America. Rapid economic development, rapid social change, have occasioned flux of ideas. There are no "schools" able to live for generations on the word of a master.

Insofar as America has yielded the fruits of philosophy they have tended to take on the flavor of the practical activities that constitute the soil and air in which they grow. Pragmatism is the enbodiment of the practical bent;—that is true which will work. Such a philosophy has repudiated the primacy of thought and stresses the primacy of action as a guide to truth. As the class struggle intensifies, the pragmatic bent tightens its grip. Whatever will heighten the chances of holding or gaining economic power becomes true and good and holy.

It is not hard to understand that practical, workaday philosophy would be a register of working conditions, but it can be shown that the more recondite and transcendental world-views have likewise corresponded to social conditions. For instance, the conception of the absolute assumed three forms in three centuries,—monistic in the seventeenth, dualistic in the eighteenth, pantheistic in the nineteenth. Under Puritanism prevailed the belief in one supreme, self-sufficient being, sole ruler and disposer of all things. Deism set forth a deity whose powers and functions were limited by a law outside himself,—the law of nature, inviolable and immutable. Under Transcendentalism, deity, becoming immanent is submerged in Nature, can scarcely be distinguished from the cosmic processes. These successive cosmic philosophies are clearly correlated with the evolution of political institutions. The absolutism of the English monarchy of the Stuarts went with the New England theocracy: each possessed the principle of a transcendant sovereign and determinism. Puritan divinity was too much like the Stuart dynasty to last. The deistic conception of a limited God correlated with the ascendancy of Parliament and the restriction of royal prerogative. There is in like manner an interesting analogy between the pantheism of Emerson and the doctrine of the diffusion of political sovereignty throughout a general democracy.

Transcendentalism is the attempt to be citizens of a world above sense experience and independent of it. The popular use of the term makes it equivalent to "flighty"; the new England Transcendentalists were charged with being up in the clouds, out of touch with practical life. The explanation of this aspect of the movement is simple. During the ascendancy of the Democratic Party, New England was to a considerable degree politically isolated. Politics offered no great field to young men with the "best New England training." The civil service was subject to vicissitudes; Hawthorne twice lost position. Another factor was the shifting of economic interest in New England from shipping to manufacture. Foundations were slipping. Trade was centering toward Boston and New York,

and pending the complete establishment of a new equilibrium it was natural that there should be a philosophy corresponding to the crumbling of old bases. The period was one of general social unrest, with premature visionings of the millenium. Currents of social disturbance, some of the wildest type, were pulsing through New England. "Dissent," "Reform!" were watchwords. Conditions were highly conducive to the advent of transcendentalism as a mystical refuge from cold or bewildering reality. Hobson sees in Transcendentalism a feeder and expression "of the zest for material achievement . . . by removing into innocuous channels the wandering idealism which might else have turned to social criticism." This, however, is not the whole story. Commons remarks that Unitarianism and Transcendentalism were a revolt against the predicament in which the God of Nature had unwittingly been made the God of Capital. They were a secession back to the God of Man. At first the ideas were transcendental, metaphysical, allegorical, harmless. . . . But after 1837 and during the seven years of industrial depression and helplessness of the workingmen following that year of panic, transcendentalism became pragmatic. Its younger spokesmen allied themselves with labor. They tried to get the same experience as manual workers, and to think and feel like them. Brook Farm was the zealous expression in 1842 of this struggle for reality and for actual unity; and after 1843 the Brook Farm representatives began to show up at the newly-organized New England and New York conventions of working men, calling themselves also by the lofty name of "working men" delegates. The modern Christian Science metaphysics is another instance of a "compensatory" cult for people who either find economic fundamentals slipping or else need an offset for the high pressure of the competitive system. Hobson thinks its prestige among "good Americans" not themselves adherents "is evidently due to a feeling that Christian Science, like the earlier Transcendentalism, draws off into innocuous channels much latent idealism which might otherwise be dangerous, and that the prosperous organization of such a church" will buttress the right sort of conservatism.

During the generation after the Civil War, conditions favorable to philosophic progress multiplied. The growth of wealth, the possibility of intellectual leisure and of a more numerous learned class, the rise of richly endowed universities, increasing intercourse with foreign lands, the advancement of education, the growth of free inquiry, the ripening and deepening of national life, all were conducive to a marked development of philosophic activity. The feeling arose that America might be destined to a great career in philosophy. America the mediator between Orient and Occident as was Greece of old had indeed a strategic position; but the hopes for philosophy have scarcely been realized, and the near future is problematical. It may indeed be that an undue utilitarianism is as fatal to philosophy

as to science. If "the task of future philosophy is to clarify men's ideas as to the social and moral strifes of their own day," there is the possibility that philosophy may disappear entirely in the face of sociology.

Certainly a philosophy corresponding to the life of today would be humanistic, interpreting the world in terms of man's aspirations and needs. This bent does not, of course, preclude the asking of "questions that are apparently independent of men," it does not commit us to a sheer anthropocentric view of the Universe, but it does insist that the whole argument must be something in which man in general is capable of being interested without detriment to his whole range of life interests. The new philosophy will be optimistic, in view of the approach of a potential age of surplus, in which life will no longer be a gripping struggle with fate, but a problem relatively easy to factor and to solve. It will be geocentric; for as life becomes more satisfying and rich, there will be less thought of possible immortality on remote spheres; though later when our globe becomes progressively drier and colder man will begin to cast his eyes toward other planets and desire to find a way thither. The philosophy for today will be futuristic, with less concern for cosmic origins than for social prospects. It will be socialistic, regarding the individual as the focus of social forces, personality as a sum of social relationship, the soul as an incarnation of the racial psyche, duty as the imperative of collective enrichment and continuity.

Possibly the full solution of the economic problem may mean the death of metaphysics. In proportion as the elements of deprivation and frustration are eliminated from life, men will probably come to consider that existence is sufficient in itself, requiring no explanation of its why and wherefore. It will cease to be necessary to find psychic compensations for objective misery. As Dewey says, "When the belief that knowledge is active and operative takes hold of man, the realm is no longer something aloof and separate; it is rather that collection of imagined possibilities that stimulates men to new efforts and realizations." Life may "be the poorer if thought is made purely instrumental" and if we neglect the "free activity of reason which is needed to enlarge narrow limited sense, there may be an "intrinsic value of thought," though even here the pragmatism of the critic is obvious.

The Bankruptcy of Sex Taboo

Harry Elmer Barnes

THIS is the second blast in the double-barrelled Calverton-Schmalhausen Crusade against the regime of sex taboo. The first was Schmalhausen's *Why We Misbehave,* published a few weeks back. Calverton and Schmalhausen differ from the majority of socialistic writers in refusing to regard social reform as solely identical with the reconstruction of the property mores and the substitution of production for service for production for private profit. They have departed from the classic dogmas of their group sufficiently to understand that a person may be fed and clothed and yet be unhappy. They recognize that the sex and love elements in life are of high significance with relation to human happiness and well-being. They are here following in the footsteps of Robert Owen in the later days of his career. While not affiliated with the socialistic movement and while approaching the sex problem from a very different angle, the reviewer is prepared to concede the wisdom of the departure of Calverton and Schmalhausen from the conventional single-track absorption of the socialist with the class-struggle and the economic revolution.

While Schmalhausen approaches the sex problem from the standpoint of psychiatry, Calverton relies more exclusively upon the technique of socio-economic analysis. The reviewer's sympathies are with the psychiatric approach and he is willing to go the whole way with Schmalhausen in granting the soundness of his theoretical contention that mental hygiene must supply the ethics of the future, but he finds that Calverton's writings are rather more effective in the cause of the new sexology because of the greater restraint in his prose and because Calverton is far more capable of subordinating subjective exuberance in the interest of calm and objective analysis. Schmalhausen will become more effective in the degree to which he understands that poetic eroticism, even expressed in a prose vehicle, does not mix well with sound analytical psychiatry.

This book is the third in the Calverton series to date. In his *Newer Spirit* he made a bold and effective plea for the virtues of the socio-economic technique in literary criticism and evaluations. The philosophy was that of Upton Sinclair's *Money Writes,* but the conception was a much broader one and the tone far more mellow. In his *Sex Expression in Literature* he produced an historical defense of the two-fold thesis that literature reflects primarily the underlying economic stratification of society and that our modern sex taboos and Puritan conventions were a product of the bourgeois morals which were gradually established after the Commercial Revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the present

work* he makes an effort to describe the sex convictions and practices of today and to draw such lessons as he discerns from the existing situation. The emphasis is, however, much more upon the evidences of growing unconventionality and freedom than upon the lingering sex obscurantism and intolerance.

The reviewer believes that the title of the book was unfortunately chosen. It is not a study of the bankruptcy of marriage, but rather a study of the bankruptcy of the old order based upon fear and ignorance. There is nothing in present conditions to lead one to believe that marriage itself is bankrupt. As Edward Westermarck has demonstrated at length, marriage has weathered far more notable anarchy and much more far-reaching changes than now seem imminent. Further, the title will scare off many of those who are "almost persuaded" to view sex problems from a civilized angle, and these are just the people Mr. Calverton needs to reach. It is scarcely necessary for Mr. Calverton to convince Havelock Ellis, Bertrand and Dora Russell, Ben Lindsey, James Branch Cabell, Heywood Broun or Theodore Dreiser that fornication and adultery are not inevitably followed by a divine thunderbolt and ultimately punished by eternal torture in one of the recesses of hell. It is the "borderline" group who must be converted if Mr. Calverton is not to continue a voice crying in the wilderness.

Mr. Calverton's whole philosophy in regard to sex and civilization is stated in the following paragraph:

> While sex has been one of the most profound forces in human life, it has not determined social change or economic progress. While its potency may have remained a constant down through the eons and ages, its influence upon group advance has been secondary rather than primary, negative rather than positive. To many in the contemporary world who are ardent advocates of sex emancipation this observation may appear disappointingly conservative. Our zeal for change, however, should not cause us to lose our sense of equilibrium. We must not challenge sex stupidities by sex exaggerations. Through climatic changes and economic revolutions man has advanced, and his sex life has altered with the variations in existence which have resulted. His sexual customs have oscillated with the movement of external conditions. They have not determined this movement; this movement, on the other hand, has determined them, their form and expression. Sexual ethics, therefore, are more of an effect than a cause in the progress of social relations. They reflect rather than determine the nature of advance.

The reviewer fully agrees with the thesis of the secondary nature of sexual phenomena, though he does not subscribe to the complete adequacy of the materialistic interpretation of history. Yet he is willing to concede the enormous influence of economic factors in society, to grant that no other historical formula has been more useful or illuminating, and to admit that in explaining cultural developments since the Industrial Revolution the thesis of economic determinism would appear to be valid.

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*The *Bankruptcy of Marriage,* by V. F. Calverton. Just published by Macaulay Co., N. Y.

We may now proceed to a brief survey of the scope and implications of Mr. Calverton's volume. He opens with a description of the intellectual attitudes and behavior patterns of the so-called "jazz-age." He explains our contemporary jazz traits as due in part to the heightened emotions and lowered inhibitions of the war period. The heavens did not fall when freedom was enjoyed, and so much of this war-time unconventionality has persisted. But Calverton is not satisfied with this very common psychological interpretation. He hold that deeper than this is an economic cause, namely, the feminine demand for sexual freedom as a by-product of her growing economic independence since the rise of the modern industrial order: "As long as woman owed her livelihood to man, she owed him her virtue. It was a debt that was obvious and unavoidable. With the gradual disappearance of this economic dependence, the necessity for moral subjection was no longer urgent." While recognizing the enormous importance of the entry of women into industry as a factor in modifying the sex life and family conditions of today, the reviewer believes that it is a great mistake to regard sex freedom on the part of woman as wholly or even primarily due to her increased economic independence. There have been times when woman was much freer in her sex life than she is today when she was economically far more abjectly dependent upon the male than she was in Anglo-Saxon society from 1700 to 1850. The reviewer may be wrong, but he believes that the decline of supernaturalism and the accompanying fear, the growing knowledge of contraceptive methods. and the secularism of a mechanical age have been far more potent in promoting female sexual emancipation than the entry of woman into industrial pursuits on something gradually approaching a parity with males.

Mr. Calverton devotes the next section of his book to an attempt to appraise the sexual revolution in America. He has a chapter on "the decay of modern marriage," evidence for which he finds in such symptoms as the increase of divorce and extra-marital relations. The reviewer believes that it would be better to have entitled this chapter the decay of the old indissoluble procreative monogamy based upon fear and supernatural sanctions. There is little probability that marriage is seriously threatened by the new trends, if scientific ethics can be established. As Westermarck has shown, marriage has weathered all the great transformations of the past. What the new scientific morality will accomplish will be to bring the resources of science and art to bear upon the problem of making marriage more successful for those who are fortunate enough to attain unto the conjugal state, and of finding a tolerable and decent solution of the sex and love life of those who, for one reason or another, are unable to marry. Two interesting chapters follow on the new morality in America and on the effect of contraceptives on feminine morals. Here large use is made of the material assembled by Judge Lindsey

and in questionnaires sent out by Katherine Bement Davis and others. In regard to contraception Calverton emphasizes not only the improvement and increased frequency of the use of contemporary devices, but also the change in the public attitude towards their use and distribution. He correctly stresses the fact that we have here one of the pivotal causes of the increased freedom in sexual activity on the part of the unmarried. Calverton makes it plain that any comprehensive view of contraception must include a consideration of abortion, and he shows the price we have paid in human suffering and death for our subservience to the superstitious savagery which has prevailed in this field of medical practice on account of social taboo. He cites clinical evidence to show that out of 55,230 abortions carried out recently under state supervision in Russia not a death ensued, while out of 66,575 cases where the women resorted to midwives and unsupervised physicians there were over 3,000 deaths. The death rate is unquestionably greater in America. The Russian experiment has proved, however, that one of the great nightmares of humanity can now be made painless and absolutely safe, once the blight of supernatural taboos is removed. No sane person would doubt that society should exercise some supervision over abortion, but this supervision should be based on social considerations and not on the old religious grounds of destroying an immortal soul.

In dealing with companionate marriage Calverton is sympathetic with Judge Lindsey's proposals. While he admits that it may well be regarded as a definite challenge to the older conception of permanent marriage for the sole purpose of procreation, he also sees it as a constructive agency designed to bring order and satisfaction out of the current sexual chaos and anarchy. Prostitution he views as a disappearing expedient, incident to the older religious morality and the regime of private property. He holds that it will ultimately pass because it is an inferior method of satisfying the sex needs of humanity and because it will become less necessary as the growing sex freedom makes possible a greater amount of more decent and aesthetic sex relations. In examining the present status of illegitimacy the author holds that while contraceptives may be decreasing the risk of illegitimate children, yet there is undoubtedly an increase in the percentage of illegitimate children. This is probably due to the gradual removal of the cruel stigma once attached to illegitimacy and to the development of a new attitude towards the whole problem of sex life: "With the dissolution of marriage as a sacred institution, and the growth of a new attitude towards sex as procreation as well as recreation, the stigma attached to the illegitimate mother and illegitimate child has already begun to lose its force and influence. The changing mores are in conspiracy against it. It can only be with a new economic order, however, with the entire elimina-

tion of the property-element from the organization of sex life, that the final scars will disappear."

Calverton's survey of the sexual revolution is not limited to America. He devotes a chapter to the new morality in Germany and nearly a third of the book to the moral changes in Soviet Russia. This subject in particular intrigues him, as Russia is to him the sociological paradise, when not only is sex taboo rudely shattered but private property severely curtailed. Whether or not the reader shares Calverton's exuberance in regard to the state of affairs in Russia he cannot well fail to be grateful for the provision in so convenient a form of the most important clinical material now extant with respect to the vanguard of the sexual transformation of today.

The author concludes with a long and excellent chapter on "Love and the Sex Life." This is a general survey of developments and tendencies in the sex and love life of man, revolving around the general thesis that sex behavior and the ideas surrounding it are modified by the general conditions of social evolution. Sex life adapts itself to environing conditions and the sex beliefs represent a rationalization of prevailing sex behavior. The special thesis of the author is that romantic love and the indissoluble monogamous marriage are not a product of any fixed and inherent biological traits in man but are the outgrowth of a definite cultural complex, namely, Christianity and capitalism in the western world. Without in any way committing himself specifically to the doctrines of Mr. Calverton, the reviewer is impelled to remark that one might well wish that the general run of American sociologists or the chief literary bulwarks of the American Social Hygiene Association could handle the general problem of sex and its evolution in so objective and broad-minded a fashion. When they are able to do so, we may then anticipate some help from sociologists and social workers in straightening out our sex chaos in harmony with science and art. When one compares this last chapter of Calverton's book with, let us say, Arthur J. Todd's review of Lindsey's *Companionate Marriage* in the *Welfare Magazine* for October, 1928, it is difficult to envisage the fact that both authors are products of the same historic era and the same general cultural environment. Calverton is sensible enough to recognize that so complex and important a social issue as sex and love cannot be taken lightly, even by one emancipated from the old taboos. Freedom entails knowledge and responsibility. Serious-minded experimentation, guided by psychiatry and sociology offers the only hope of a successful solution:

> The conquest of love is still a hazy vision of the future. The sex problem, aside from the ethereal idealizations embodied in the love element in it, would not be very difficult to solve. It is this love element which engages the problem with complexities of reaction that often defy analysis and solution. There is the possibility, indeed, that there is no solution at all. Even under the ideal conditions of a

> coming society, those ramifications of reaction derivative of the love impulse, may still carry with them many of the pangs and pains of unhappy adaptations and relationships. It is a fervent hope, naturally, that those infelicities will finally disappear. While in the past we have known the costs of repression, it is the future which will introduce to us the costs of freedom. If freedom as a theory is perfect, and as an aspiration is ideal, it is foolish of us, however, to imagine that in practice it will be accompanied by a complete absence of discord. There will still be individual dilemmas, individual difficultes, and individual disasters, but they will not be economic and social in character, nor the consequence of moral subjection.
>
> In the meanwhile, however, the present direction of sex attitudes is the only one that holds forth hope as a rich incentive. The escape from the old ethics can only be viewed as an advance.

The book will be welcomed by all open-minded students of social problems as a frank description of conditions and a courageous and straight-forward facing of issues. Whether or not one agrees with all of the ideas and interpretations contained in the book, only a hopeless bigot could contend that it is not a very valuable survey of facts and tendencies and a realistic challenge to the old taboos and to the conventional hypocrisy and smugness in facing sex life. If, as John Erskine has suggested, the next great struggle between civilization and obscurantism is to come over the sex issue, we must be grateful for such clarifications as are notably represented by the book under review. Most American academic sociologists will doubtless gnash their teeth when they examine the volume, but they are likely to do nothing more than to break their knuckles in attacking Calverton unless they deviate from their usual tactics and are able to bring to the assault something beyond the conventional infantilisms of their Sunday School days.

Against many of the underlying theories of the book it seems to the reviewer that very damaging attacks can be made, but, fortunately, Calverton's dogmas play little part in his arrangement and presentation of his material. The reviewer, as a good Veblenian, is far removed from an apologist of capitalism and the profit economy, but he cannot take seriously the exclusively socialistic interpretation of Puritanism and sex taboos. Supernatural religion and ignorance, not private property, are chiefly responsible for prudery and conventionality. Puritanism is not to be explained by the Marxian dogmas, but rather by the psychological analysis of Max Weber and the mechanism of compensation. The responsibility for the peculiar complex of sex taboos in western civilization must be assigned to the influence of the Essenes and other ascetic sects, the revolt against the flesh in the mystery cults of the Roman Empire, Paul's epileptic reaction to sex, the monastic revolt, Augustine's over-compensation, the Kantian epistemological flight from reality, so influential on Protestant ethics of the nineteenth century, and not specifically to the influence of the bourgeoisie or to capitalism. The most that the capitalists have done is to seize upon and cherish the view that morality is wholly a matter of sex. This is highly convenient, as it

allows them to maintain self-respect and smug satisfaction in the face of the most extensive and varied economic chicanery. And the entry of women into industry under capitalistic auspices has thus far done far more to disrupt the monogamous family than the slight progress of communism.

Nor can we expect that socialism will in itself end the reign of terror of the sexual bigots. It may help, through giving a more secular cast to the outlook of humanity, but we may expect far more effective support for a civilized era to come from the writings of those like Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Drake, Dorsey, Parshley, Givler, Haldane, and others who are endeavoring to place ethics on a scientific and aesthetic plane. The work of Calverton, the sexologist, will do much more along this line than the observations of Calverton, the socialist. Indeed, we feel that Calverton, the socialist, not infrequently handicaps the work of Calverton, the sexologist. The saving fact is that Calverton, as sexologist, for the most part forgets his socialistic dogmas and writes as an objective descriptive sociologist. Occasionally, he remembers that he is a socialist and loyally slips in a well-worn dogma about purity and chattel-slavery, but such dogmatic intrusions are usually so obvious and so transparently irrelevant that they do little harm to the general course of his work.

Calverton has presented us with a fine clinical picture of the present-day sexual scene. We may continue to evade, and thus encourage the further development of sexual chaos, or we can bring the facts of science and the dictates of art to bear upon the question and substitute rational controls for the older taboos, conventions, fears and evasions which are, indeed, bankrupt.

Announcement

In the next issue of THE MODERN QUARTERLY, there will be an interesting article on *Whitman's Message to Humanity,* by James E. Phillips. You are requested to note in this present issue the advertisement of Mr. Phillips' book directly opposite the Table of Contents

LITERARY SECTION

Russia Since the Revolution

The Catastrophe. By Kerensky. Appleton Co.

Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution. By Maurice Dobb. E. P. Dutton Co.

In *The Catastrophe* we have a picture of the Russian Revolution penned by one of its protagonists. In a way, of course, it is a picture only of the first, the March Revolution, yet in another way, it is a picture of the entire period of which the Bolshevik Revolution constitutes but a single segment. Whatever one may say of Kerensky's weaknesses and sentimentalities, his Rudinesque ineffectuality of character, his fallacious belief in the capacity of laws to effect change in economic evironment, one must realize that Kerensky stands for more than himself—that he stands as an arresting symbol. In judgment of such events as make up a revolution, one must endeavor to avoid the harsh one-sidednesses of adversaries, if one is to perceive the historical factors active in the chaos. Kerensky was not an insincere, treacherous despot. That his sense of social direction was in error, that his tendency to compromise was conducive to surrender, that his understanding of the proletariat was deficient to a point of pathos—these things we may admit without denying to him the virtues of a beautiful but ineffectual idealist. After all is said, Kerensky was one of the finest products of bourgeois ideology. What is more important than the quarrel over his respective virtues and vices is the fact that he still remains a symbol for so much that lingers in the attitudes of radical parties in our post-bellum world. Kerensky stood for the parliamentary theory of government, for democracy as a form of social and political organization; he believed, and still believes to be sure, in all classes, and their representation, and not in one class, and its sole dominancy. Kerensky had a deep faith in the people; he envisioned a kind of humanity in all men which glows with the incandescent ardor of a holy impulse. He was certain that all classes could cooperate under a common democratic form.

The Catastrophe is, after all, not the fall of the Provisional Government and the rise of the Bolsheviki as Kerensky imagines, but the failure of democracy to function in a revolutionary world. The democratic concept has collapsed as a political control. Since the World War this has become increasingly and tragically obvious. Social controls in actuality, however much we camouflage them with euphemism and evasion, do not succeed in that way. They must have a center of focus, which in one way or another, effects a dictation of direction. It is the radicals in Europe who under the guise of various reform parties, and many the centrists and right-wingers even of the Social-Democratic movement, who still believe in this

parliamentary, democratic logic. In this sense, Kerensky's failure continues in active form in the world today.

Kerensky's book is a vivid, graphic account of the early days of the first Revolution, and of the weeks and months of unrest and indecision that followed, it communicates in a striking way, the surge and undertow of enthusiasm and dismay that swept from city to city, and from front to front in that year of revolutionary tumult. If Kerensky failed to see the essential clarity and cogency of Bolshevik logic, it was not because he lacked the courage to embrace it, but because he came from a different environment in which such logic was conceived of, however incorrectly, as inhuman and destructive. It was a class-limitation that fettered him, an ideology that bound him inevitably to his destiny.

When we turn to Dobb's *Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution* we are confronted with a book that endeavors to be as objective as Kerensky's is subjective. Despite his associations with Cambridge, which seem to have deceived the American reviewers as to his freedom from prejudice in favor of the revolutionaries, Dobb has been connected in many ways with radical activities in England and for a long time has been in deep sympathy with Soviet Russia. As contributor to various radical publications, Dobb's left position had been made clear long before he completed this volume. In *Russian Development Since the Revolution* Dobb has achieved an analysis of the Russian situation that is far and away the best that has so far appeared. Beside the sentimental strictures of the Ivy Lee's and Gordon's, the midway criticisms and castigations of the Fulop-Miller's and the superficial enthusiasms of the Trade Union Delegation and the chauvinists, Dobb's work stands out like a challenging monadnock. His analysis of the peasant problem is singularly acute and convincing. His conclusion as to the future of the Soviet Republics represents a facing of issues that is marked by courage and candour, and a lack of that sophistry which has vitiated so many of the attempts that have been made to evaluate the importance of the new Russia.

V. F. Calverton.

The Modern Library

THE Modern Library has just passed its tenth anniversary. It is today by far the best of all series of books of its type upon the market. It is intelligently edited; its books are well printed on good paper and strongly bound; the price at which they are sold is reasonable. But what distinguishes it, I think, from all other collections of books is its point of view. It is civilized. Urbanity, catholicity, and a certain recklessness, are its hall marks. There is also a degree of sauciness, a thumbing of noses, in a collection of books that includes titles so diverse as a detective story by the Baroness Orczy and Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean.*

Amazed by its astounding success, various publishers, time and again, have attempted to compete with it. They have published good books and they have published them at reasonable prices, but somehow their series have failed to hang together. Their collections are stodgy and dignified—and dead. Even in the end papers of The Modern Library books there is a trace of antinomianism. Where some series have printed on their end papers Kant's categorical imperative The Modern Library has the drawing of a young lady, clad in the altogether, leaping hurdles with a torch in her hand.

Collections of books of the character of The Modern Library, to be successful, require the highest degree of editorial skill. The chief obstacle in the way of their success is the difficulty of obtaining books for the series which have been published comparatively recently, and which, at the same time, will sell in sufficient quantities to make their inclusion profitable. Publishers are reluctant to permit the publication elsewhere of popular books on their lists. On the other hand, the books published by The Modern Library must sell well or the series will be a failure. Thus, it is apparent that The Modern Library occupies a twilight zone in the publishing business. It does not specialize in the publication of old and standard works on which the copyright has expired; neither does it publish current popular books. The backbone of the series is made up, I imagine, of such books as *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* Villon's poems, and *Candide.* There are, however, a great number of books which every educated person must read, but which, nevertheless, sell in such small quantities that their publishers are willing to relinquish them in exchange for the honorarium of The Modern Library. Such books are, nine times out of ten, headed for oblivion. Will anyone fifty years hence, save literary antiquarians, read *Mrs. Dalloway* or *A Bed of Roses?* I doubt it. Today these books are essential for anyone who wishes to understand modern literature. Rescued from publishers' shelves where they are collecting dust, and printed in the format of The Modern Library behind a good introduction, they sell in such huge quantities that their authors are accorded enormous respect and invited to join Chatauqua.

Today The Modern Library list contains one hundred and fifty titles. It has, of course, published more than one hundred and fifty books, but dead titles are soon dropped and others substituted. All of the books announced for fall publication replace titles apparently no longer popular. Rabelais is substituted for *Treasure Island; The Revolt of the Angels* for Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande;* John Addington Symonds' *Life of Michelangelo* for Max Stirner's *The Ego and His Own;* Schopenhauer for Strindberg's *Miss Julie; Swann's Way* for *The Woman Question; The Golden Ass* for Latzko's *Men in War; Mrs. Dalloway* for Wilde's *Pen, Pencil and Poison;* Conrad Aiken's *Anthology of American Verse* for *Jorn Uhl;* and *Salammbo* for D'Annunzio's *The Maidens of the Rocks.* It is a sad

and instructive list. The only one that will be missed, I dare say, is T. R. Smith's intelligent and stimulating anthology, *The Woman Question.* Stevenson has been raked fore and aft by George Moore and Frank Swinnerton, and it has long been plain that their shots were taking effect. Even more damaging, however, was Quiller-Couch's recent statement that his novel *Dead Man's Rock* was inspired by *Treasure Island.* Maeterlinck blew up with Bergson, leaving the German geniuses, Keyserling and Spengler, in possession of the field, and he is now read only in the women's literary clubs. The cult of Wilde has likewise declined rapidly since the post office lifted its ban on the works of Dr. Sylvanus Stall. Max Stirner was popularized chiefly through the efforts of the late immortal Huneker but after his patron's translation to Valhalla he has slowly resumed his former place in the ranks of the unreadable and the unread. Thus do the gods return to dust.

But if the books of The Modern Library occasionally have to be replaced The Modern Library remains, and it remains unquestionably the finest, as it is unquestionably the most representative, of all collections of modern books. It covers every department of literature and it includes a few excellent books on certain aspects of science. The anthology of papers on psychoanalysis that it publishes is, for example, the best survey of that field which has ever been issued for the layman. Every established first rate author of the present day seems to be represented in the series. Its titles are chosen from all literatures, French, Scandinavian, German, Russian, Italian, English, American, and only those books are selected which have something of value to contribute to modern thought. It is one of the indispensable series of books on the market today.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS.

American Labor Dynamics

American Labor Dynamics. By J. B. S. Hardman and Associates. Harcourt Brace.

This volume is dedicated to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Rightly so. Its editor, J. B. S. Hardman, owes much to the men's garment workers' union. It helped to tear him loose from the communists, with their gaze on Russia. It brought him into closer touch with the American trade union movement and impressed upon him the significance of immediate things as well as ultimates. *American Labor Dynamics* is in part J. B. S. Hardman's own orientation in the decade of 1918 to 1928, as well as that of the labor movement in the same period.

The work is and is not a joint undertaking. It is the product of thirty-two labor leaders, teachers, editors and technicians. But Hardman contributes about a fourth of the 432 pages and dominates it throughout. It was he who selected the writers and their sub-

jects. The men and women who took part did not meet together to discuss the dynamics of the labor movement and they did not criticize each other's contributions. If they had truly cooperated at every step, laid out the problem and built together, they would have turned out a work of great value to the movement at the present juncture. The book Hardman has produced is excellent, but not what it ought to be. He has not drawn sufficiently on the men and women inside and outside his list to make the most vital kind of an inquiry into the American labor situation in the light of post-war developments. If Sidney Hillman and Leo Wolman, Norman Thomas and A. J. Muste, and the score of others had actually given themselves to the task, they would have given us a book or a series of studies not seen in these parts for many a moon. In other words, if the American Labor Problem Associates, the group responsible for the book—was something more than a paper organization, as it really ought to be, if it was truly a cooperative enterprise "to study, analyze and interpret factual developments in the movement," its first publication would have been a more significant and permanent aid to the rebuilding of the labor movement. Hardman's book is a reflection of the state of our movement and the progressives and intellectuals inside or around it.

American Labor Dynamics is, however, tremendously worth while reading and pondering over. Its usefulness will grow. It is packed full with sound, mature and brilliant generalization. Hardman has done some remarkable writing and penetrating thinking. He has brought much fold to the surface. If it is not coined and put into the pockets of the militants of the movement, more's the pity. The book is truly a gold-mine for those who care at all about ideas and ideals, who wish to bring the universal into the particular, who desire to approach and act in the labor movement realistically.

The book is divided into four parts: I. The Decade in Retrospect 1918 to 1928. II. The Story of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (misnamed Problems of a Labor Union Somewhere in the United States). III. Labor issues in Industry and Politics. IV. The Mind of Labor, Ideas and Leadership. Part I is too short and too condensed. Part II is inadequate for it deals almost entirely with the experience of the Amalgamated. Part III is excellent. Part IV is a grab-all. The appendices belong to Battle Creek, Michigan: they are very difficult to swallow.

Hardman starts off with some postscripts to the decade. Like some artists he makes few strokes, but they are clean and broad and effective. The man can think. Sometimes he thinks too well for America. Of 1917 he writes: "The opportunity of labor in 1917 lay in a direction more significant than collective bargaining. . . But leaders of labor stuck to what they thought was their God-ordinated job. . . . They brushed aside the power that lay in their reach. They lacked the will to power." He takes the second step in his mind's eye before he has carried out the first in action. May

the time come when labor in America wakes up to the vital importance of collective bargaining for the great masses! The socialist Pistiner has said in substance of Rumania: "If only they would respect and enforce the law. That would be a revolution in Rumania." If only the conservatives and radicals would concentrate once for all on organization of the workers in the basic industries, that would be a revolution for America.

On the Labor Party of 1919 Hardman has some telling things to say. But strangely enough he does not tie up the revolutionary days of 1919 with the revolt on the political field. He does not say that Fitzpatrick was Lenin for us. The Lefts who hid in cellars escaped from the revolution in 1919 as the Russians who cry the loudest for it on Union Square are doing their utmost to prevent one in 1928. Hardman makes some splendid distinctions between the industrial union program of prewar socialists and the amalgamation slogan of the postwar period. On the failure of the left wing he is undoubtedly wrong when he lays the blame on the American representatives altogether. Moscow directed every step. The best brain of the Comintern produced the chaos in the needle trades, not the local lights alone. Any one who reads the literature and knows anything at all about the international of the communists must realize that the strings are held in Moscow and that Foster jumps as he has jumped when orders are handed down from Russia. It is the same with the lesser "commissars."

Leo Wolman follows Hardman by saying much in little on why the A. F. of L. does not organize and grow in a period of relative prosperity. He points out how and why the labor leaders have failed to adjust themselves—where they cared at all—to the inroads of the machine, the industrialization of the South, or new competitive areas as in the coal industry. He does not regard the company union or the interference of the courts as serious obstacles to unionization, if the old machine would only oil itself up, and "let go." Lewis Corey tears to pieces the myth about the revolution in distribution of income and wealth. Corey handles statistics with ease, and should have been assigned by Hardman to a whole series of financial and industrial problems of the new capitalism. James Rorty concludes the section by going Randolph Bourne one better and smearing with pink pain the pages of the Masses and pre-war literature. Part I is too short because the economic developments of the decade are not touched on at all, in any systematic or scientific sense.

Hardman has part II all to himself. He cities case after case showing how the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has organized workers, has kept itself fit, and won strikes. His dialogue between a labor leader and his younger self is brilliant, and as good as anything ever written by Robert F. Hoxie on the leaders and the rank and file. The editor of the Advance knows the men around him. But has was not "delivered the goods" in part II. He could

not. He knows the Amalgamated, but not the other unions sufficiently well. He needed help here. He did not get it. Such is our movement.

There is some excellent stuff in part III. Paul Wander, Robert, Dunn, Abraham Epstein and Louis Stanley, in closest touch with the movement, vitally interested in it, properly prepared, show a grasp of their subjects on the welfare offensive and company-made unionism, social legislation and the building trades, which is all that one could ask for in the ideal book that might have been. Put students like these besides the men of action and experience in the labor movement and you will get a contribution that will stand the test of time.

In part IV A. J. Muste discusses labor factionalism in a broad, philosophical way, and a host of others raise questions that they leave unanswered. Joseph E. Kucher does not mince words as to where he stands. He proposed an organization drive apart from and independent of the A. F. of L. Albert Russell Ellingwood has some significant comments of the futility of the present anti-injunction laws. Seba Eldridge has not tried to build a labor party and therefore asks for a scientific study. It is not knowledge we lack. It is men who have broken with pure-and-simpledom and live west of the Hudson River.

Much talk, much writing, much thinking, that is *American Labor Dynamics*. The times call for more. We cannot wait for the miners or the railroad brotherhoods to say the word. We must begin with what resources we have. Whenever the militants—apart from the communists—decide to get together and pool their resources, we will get the beginnings of a movement. Then we shall have the books and tracts we need. The philosopher and the general will sit at the same table, the man of action and the student will compare notes. The writers and the doers will be dynamic. The fruits shall be deeds, not books.

NATHAN FINE.

The Art of Bad Taste

Gongorism and the Golden Age. By Elisha Kane. University of North Carolina Press.

Although originally a scholarly study of Gongora and his place in the Golden Age of Spanish literature, Professor Kane has revised his thesis for general publication by comparing "Gongorism" with the present-day manifestations of modernism. Far from being extraneous, these complementary remarks and judgments make his book of particular value, for aside from his interest to connoisseurs of the curious in literary history, Gongora's writings have now no important place.

Professor Kane uses "Gongorism" as an epithet for all forms of

unrestraint and exuberance in the art—"Rococo," "Baroque," "Dadist," "Obscurantist," "Sur-realiste," "Jazz"—might be used in its place. "Gongorism," then, becomes simply very bad taste in the arts—or more particularly—in literature, since Gongora was a writer. Throughout the book, the author constantly compares attributes of "Gongorism" with those of modern Faddists in the arts.

Under the broad charge of affectation are listed the faults of "Gongorism." These cultist and conceptist tricks are:

1—Introducing an unusual number of neologisms.
2—Strange innovations in syntax.
3—Cumbersome syllabic juxtaposition to secure odd effects.
4—Grotesque figures of speech.
5—An abundance of puns and paradoxes.
6—Overworked personification and allegory.
7—Obscurantism.
8—Pedantry.

From this outline of bad taste, the author proceeds to a survey of the extent in ancestry of "Gongorism." Then comes a chapter of explanation of the "eccentric style" in which it is interesting to observe that at the time Gongora was producing and flourishing his imbecilities, the Golden Age was upon Spain and her greatest masterpieces in the various arts were being born.

In his extensive chapter on other forms of meretricious verse, Professor Kane ranges from Scaldic verse through Arabian, Greek, English, French, Italian and Provencal to a consideration of artistic exuberance as a sign of cultural decay. The concluding three chapters of the book consider "Gongorism" in music, sculpture, painting and architecture.

Throughout all these chapters, however, are interwoven remarks and comparisons with present-day art forms that are most provocative. Were Professor Kane's examples of modern bad taste as profuse and enlightening as his illustrations from the past, this important part of his study would be even more effective. As it is he points out the writing of E. E. Cummings, Maxwell Bodenheim, Conrad Aiken, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, H. D., as typical of the cultist and conceptist tendencies of today. In the rush to be "different," "new" and "ultra" it is true that these writers have run the gamut of unrestraint and "Gongoristic" bad taste outlined above. More—they seem to exult in their "Gongorism" as did the seventeenth century poet who wrote:

> I am a gongoristic poet
> A valorous imitator
> Of the style that is not understood
> By the fools of this age.

It is a notable lapse, though, that the author omits all references to James Joyce, who is undoubtedly the only man in the history of literature who could outdo Gongora in every sphere. No doubt the

epithet "Joycean" will soon supplant "Gongorism" as a term for ultra-affectation and unrestrained exuberance in literature.

As one may see from the study of this book, faddism has existed throughout the ages. It is sterility masked in technical virtuosity and as such will continue as long as the arts.

But it is good to see how the so-called "modern" genres have all been done before, often times better. With the background Professor Kane gives, the way of the modern critic should be made easier.

TOM DAVIN.

Casper Hauser

Casper Hauser. By Jacob Wassermann. Horace Liveright.

Casper Hauser, Wassermann's latest work, is not a departure from his usual method. Again we have Wassermann, the psychologist, working in his laboratory, leading us into the recesses and labyrinths of the human mind and making incisive indictments of society and institutions. Although the locale of *Casper Hauser* is Nurnberg and Ansbach one hundred years ago and the book primarily a revival of the hoary controversy that raged about the dubious figure of Hauser, the book is infused with all the contemporary questions that are characteristic of the other novels of Wassermann.

The book is an outgrowth of the interest Wassermann had in the Hauser controversy when a child. At that time, despite the numerous books which had been written vindicating Hauser, fables were still being circulated in Germany, and in Europe in general, concerning the boy, who, in some circles had taken on the proportions of a bogey. Wassermann very early began the study of the case, and in 1908 the final draft of the book appeared. He has been faithful in the details of this strange history and has not deviated from his purpose of settling for all time, in almost 500 pages, the authenticity of Casper Hauser.

Casper Hauser, upon whose grave is a cross bearing the legend *Aenigma Sui Temporis—Ignota Nativitatis—Occulata Mors,* was, indeed, an enigma. We first discover him wandering into the town of Nurnberg unkempt, unable to say who he is or where he is from—a grown boy with the mentality of a two-year-old child. Gossip has it he is a swindler and an imposter, and in the light of subsequent events, this opinion of the provincials is strengthened. Professor Daumer, however, sees something unusual in the foundling and takes him into his household to begin the arduous task of releasing the boy's mind from its long period of dormancy. Under Daumer's tutelage, Hauser makes rapid progress and begins to show signs of a keen and original mind. Daumer feels that from the material that is Casper Hauser he can fashion a person who would be the ultimate of humanity. But Daumer is too idealistic and short-minded

and is not capable of performing the task. Later Hauser falls into the hands of others, who, unaware of his potentialities and still looking upon him as a swindler, make no effort to encourage and enlighten him. Hauser, now filled with Jesus and the veneer of modern civilization, has well-nigh smothered his finer capabilities and has dulled his keen sensitiveness. But not completely. There remained, at the root, the powerful virus of genius which nothing external could efface. But Hauser was doomed. His genius could not flower. When von Feuerbach published his famous book detailing the investigation of the Hauser case it was disclosed that in reality Casper Hauser was the Crown Prince of Baden, who was the victim of a plot carried out by the morganatic wife of the ruling prince. People laughed; another Hauser swindle! And when Hauser meets his death at the hands of an unknown assassin, Meyer (Quandt in the book), Hauser's latest "protector" cynically says to his wife that the boy meant to give himself a small wound but by accident the dagger went in too deep.

Wassermann has written an absorbing account of this strange character. He makes us feel the poetic innocence of Casper Hauser in the midst of his unsympathetic environment. We feel the poignant and ironic fate to which he had to submit. We see in him an experiment. Here is a person already grown, with a mind that for the time being is a blank, but which is endowed by nature with great possibilities. In the words of Daumer "In him we see mankind free from sin." What can become of such a creature? There is a bitterness in Wassermann's answer. The result can only be bourgeois mediocrity and ultimate disaster, in our society.

Casper Hauser presents a problem which is more profound and far-reaching than any of his previous works. It is more than an attack on our civilization. It is a complete renunciation of the horrific and topsy-turvy world that is ours. It is a return, also, to that renunciation which is so characteristic of our age, that renunciation which we find conspicuous in figures as diverse and remote as Romain Rolland, Gandhi, Keyserling and Massis.

J. H. Cohen.

A Review of Gallio

A Review of Gallio; or the Tyranny of Science. By J. W. N. Sullivan. 55 pages. Dutton and Co., N. Y. C. 1928.

The Tyranny of Science is so small a booklet that this review is in danger of being almost as long as the book itself. The general trend of thought is this: The ruse of evolutionary and materialistic thought was more or less repugnant to Victorian dilettantes and caused them to feel that there simply *must* be a reality deeper than the scientist's picture of the universe. Sullivan believes this attitude was childish and devotes much space to pointing out how little

the results of science really have to do with philosophic thought. It may be necessary to emphasize this idea for the benefit of the laymen of 1928, but the reviewer can state with certainty that most of his scientific friends realize keenly the limitations of inorganic sciences based as they are on a groundwork of assumption, and hedged about by mystery on their frontiers. Mr. Sullivan realizes this and does justice to science and to the better class of scientific men by stating that much of the depression felt by poets and artists when contemplating materialistic theories of the universe is due to their over-estimation of what science really is and what it does. From this standpoint the tyranny of science cannot be called a tyranny at all. The feeling of futility experienced by many persons in the presence of great ideas like evolution, relativity or the revelations of astronomy as to the scale and structure of the galaxies, is due to their own habits of thought and not to a sinister aspect of things in general as described by science. Truly, the problems of first causes, the supreme being, ultimate goals, and so on,—if they can be called problems,—are not touched by the advance of exact knowledge. The rose is no less sweet because it is made of molecules; the full moon, no less romantic on a summer night because it is really cold and hard and governed in its motion by the law of gravitation. But hold! the poet will say he cannot do his best work when confronted with a universe full of matter and inevitable law, but very lacking in fairies and in miracles. To such, we answer as Carlyle did,—the wonder is not that things are as they are, but that they are at all. Science will never be able to dispel all the gossamer and rainbows which poet-artists love, for there is an inexhaustible supply of both articles,—and an insatiable demand.

Now to take up in detail some of the Ologies which Mr. Sullivan feels are depressing to most of us, although he is certain they should not be. In his third chapter, he tells us that by analyzing the relations dealt with in relativity theory it is found that certain characteristics of our world of "point-events" will have the quality of permanence. "The mind," he says, "faced with this world of evanescent point-events, selects those characteristics that are permanent as being of special interest. This is merely because the mind happens to be that kind of thing. As a consequence of this predilection of the mind there arises space and time, matter and the laws of nature." With this, I wish to disagree. The historico-geological state of affairs is somewhat different from that described by Mr. Sullivan. Frankly, for some unknown reason, the universe became what it is quite independent of any tendency of the human mind, and quite independent of the mind itself, for there was no such thing "when first the fiery spheres their course began." Organic evolution began to work because some more or less permanent laws were available to set a definite goal for evolution. It is hard to see how the primeval egg in the primeval slime could have developed very far if the laws of nature had been quite capricious

during geologic time instead of being the sort of stable relations they are.

Our sense organs and our minds are products of evolution; small wonder, then, that they deal by preference with objects and relations having a high degree of permanence;—with light; with the elastic waves called sound; with hard, resisting, material objects. The mind was molded by the facts, and not the converse. Little use it would be to have a sense adapted for detecting the faint smell of a Carboniferous cabbage, used by our ancestors as a favorite hors d'oeuvre, but long since vanished from the scene of action; small use, to have an eye which sees the ultraviolet, when the strongest sunlight lies in the green-yellow.

A little further on, Mr. Sullivan says he would not hold it impossible that the human mind may come to realize imaginatively as well as logically the four-dimensional space-time continuum. At the risk of being thought narrow I wish to contradict this. The difficulties in imagining four dimensions, three with the essential significance we attribute to space, and one analogous to time, is a matter that depends on our physiology, not on our mental capacity. I also feel that the author is wrong when he states on page 29, that the mind must make many adjustments in order to understand phenomena inside the atom. He says that an electron behaves as if it had foreknowledge of what it was about to do. This is an overstatement which is often met in philosophical writings but never in those much more interesting volumes which the physicist writes about the qauntum theory. If an atom is excited we are accustomed to say that it has an electron in an unstable condition and it often happens that this electron can pass to any one of a number of more stable conditions, giving rise to the emission of light. Somehow, many philosophers seem to feel that the electron must have foreknowledge in order to choose which condition it will assume and which spectral line it will emit. This is not true. An accidental circumstance such as the presence of another atom some distance away may decide which course the electron will take. It is true, attempts are being made by physicists to show that there is a kind of indetermination in the process of radiation by an individual atom, these attempts are only a program at the present time.

In Chapter 4, Mr. Sullivan tramps with heavy foot on behaviorism, psychoanalysis, and on much of the jargon of experimental psychologists. The job is well done and requires no comment. Again on page 53 we learn that one of the great difficulties of quantum phenomena is that an electron seems to pass from one place to another without passing through the intervening space. On the contrary, the new quantum mechanics of Heisenberg and Schrodinger gives us a definite means for calculating the way in which an electron passes from one place to another. Once again the reviewer wants to emphasize that we do not need to revise our concepts of time and space in order to understand processes inside the atom.

That wise man, James Clerk-Maxwell, has emphasized the tidea that an infinite number of models can be constructed, all of which will give rise to observable phenomena with equal facility. If we are engaged today in revising our ideas of space and time it is not because of *necessity* but solely because of convenience.

In conclusion, let me say with Sullivan, "The teachings of science, so far as the spiritual problems of men are concerned, need no longer be regarded as stultifying: they are merely irrelevant."

ARTHUR EDWARD RUARK.

Satire and Sincerity

The Man Who Knew Coolidge. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00.

Closed Garden. By Julian Green; with an introduction by Andre Maurois. Harper and Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Lewis had to resuscitate the glory that was Babbitt's and the reflected scintillation that was his, so, he created Mr. Lowell Schmaltz. The Babbittry that is Schmaltz's is fabricated out of the unvarnished monologues of this progressive Nordic's business mind. The book is a series of remarks made by Lowell Schmaltz upon such themes as cafeterias, railroad and motor traveling, the radio, relatives, pet animals and Calvin Coolidge.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, is of interest in the book. It is consistently dull and not even relieved by pictures. Mr. Lewis exhausted himself with Dr. Arrowsmith but he still had to pay rent and high prices for his fragile misadventures in Europe and the Americas. Some say that Mr. Lewis' book is full of irony; perhaps it is, but Mr. Schmaltz does not bring it out and the book is Mr. Schmaltz's monologues. Mr. Lewis might be trying to reform our civilization and he might be hurling poisoned javelins into its Babbittry but he is certainly not a novelist in *The Man Who Knew Coolidge.*

In the *Closed Garden,* Julian Green's second novel, we meet with a sincerity that is so painfully absent from Mr. Lewis' work. The *Closed Garden* is similar in many details of its thematic technique to its predecessor, *Avarice House.* Each is a penetrating and acridly exhaustive study in hyper-morbidity. The depressing psychology of compulsive habits is exquisitely portrayed against a background of infinite inevitability.

Andrienne, an attractive French girl of eighteen, is slowly forced from the realms of sanity by the stupendous isolation and inane futility of her daily existence. A narrowed and tyrannical father and a petulant invalid sister extract with an admirable precision of exactitude the last ounce of happiness from her life. In the repetitious similarity of her daily life there gradually steals a com-

pensating influence. Into the neighborhood of her home, a middle aged doctor moved. One day when she was gathering flowers by the roadside he passed in a hired carriage. His mind was miles away but an old habit dominated his facial muscles. As the ancient custom was, he smiled a greeting. When he passed, the incident was to him as if it never had been. The loneliness of Andrienne bathed this simple custom in the waters of a morbid romance.

The suddenness of the doctor's entrance into her life disequilibrated her entire mental texture. Her repressed emotional life inundated the shattered barricades of her social inhibitions. An irrational love was born for this perfect stranger. The invalid sister and the tyrannical father discovered her going through her involved ritual in hopes of seeing her love object. Life then became intolerable and one night after a quarrel with her father outside her bedroom door she accidently shoved him to his death. This act added terror and fear to the strain already upon her mind and the wreck was completed.

Julian Green does not try in his book to create a sensational tragedy nor does he attempt to plagiarize the thunder of reporters and appeal to the cheap emotions. He writes his story with the convincing sincerity of a mathematician. Realism and actuality appear as the result of cumulative values. A ghastly photograph is presented with a certainty of recognition. He creates morbidity with the soft warm continuity of infinite details. The horror of his characters is not the result of a page but the comsummation of his book.

T. A. Van Sant.

Briefer Mention

Life and the Student. Charles H. Cooley. Knopf.

Quiet essays by a sociologist whose influence was more active in an earlier generation than in our own. His sweet-mindedness today is almost anachronistic. The controversy over the power of environment in which Cooley once took such a vigorous part, and which moved J. M. Robertson to the writing of one of his most significant essays, *The Economics of Genius,* is almost without an echo in these pages. Old age is here in its quiet serene aspects.

Present Day Russia. Ivy Lee. Macmillan.

Cursory observations of Russia, as childishly inadequate as the logic of an *American Mother,* and as meaningful as the platitudes of Smith and Hoover.

Natural History of Revolution. L. Edwards. University of Chicago Press.

An exceptionally lucid and a little too logical analysis of the causes that go to make revolutions. While it fails to address itself with sufficient emphasis to basic factors, it brings to light so many interesting reflections upon contributing factors, that this otherwise unforgivable error becomes less annoying and destructive. However superficial, the chapter on intellectuals and their attitudes, and the ominous meaning of their revolt, is a remarkably interesting and provocative one. If the author had wished, he might easily have pointed out its relevancy to the present revolt among American intellectuals against the American way of life.

The New Criminology. Schlapp and Smith. Horace Liveright.

Criminal science modernized and advanced with an introduction of the glandular theory of conduct. Weak in its social vision, and inadequate in criticisms of the economic milieu, *The New Criminology* is nevertheless significant as an attempt to link up the latest developments of scientific theory with a philosophy of criminal practice.

American Marriage and Family Relations. Groves and Ogburn. Henry Holt.

The best statistical summary of the marriage and divorce situation that has so far appeared. Its revelations constitute an arresting challenge to our present order. As a reference and source-study, *American Family and Marriage Relations* is invaluable.

Whither Mankind—A symposium. Edited by Charles Beard. Longmans Green.

A significant symposium on the destiny of man in this age of machinery, mechanization and industrial chaos. The essay on the Family, by Havelock Ellis, is one of the most intelligent in the volume. Lewis Mumford's study is likewise keen and illuminating in its approach if not in all its conclusions. While one would wish for something more radical in keeping with the radical changes that have occurred in our generation, and misses the presence of any voice from Soviet Russia, within the scope of such a symposium, accepting its liberal outlook, there is included enough to give it the characteristics of an intelligent challenge. The Epilogue binds the scattered essays into something of a unified whole.

An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

This is Mr. Shaw's most recent adventure among significant things in his inevitably scintillating manner. Unfortunately Socialism for Mr. Shaw is more of an ethic than a social reality. He is more concerned with morals than with tactics—as a result he writes more with charm than with challenge.

Fathers or Sons. Prynce Hopkins. Kegan, Paul.

A brilliant and informing study of the Edipus complex, as it has played its part in the history of many important individuals who have meant important things to history. While limited in its approach to an individualistic technique, as is, in the last analysis, all psycho-analytical doctrine, it provides an abundance of rich material for the psycho-sociologist of the future.

Psychological Cure of the Infant and the Child. John B. Watson. W. W. Norton.

Although Mr. Watson in this volume does not advance his behavioristic approach beyond its old background, he does especially in the last chapter, "throw out" some interesting suggestions in reference to the nurture and growth of the child. If Mr. Watson's ideas could be put into practice—but then we would have different parents, and Mr. Watson would not have to write such a book at all.

Black Majesty. By John Womack Vandercook. Harper Brothers.

Henry Christophe, "slave of a black" who became king of Haiti, lives again in the fiction of romantic biography. A negro army led by three brilliant *blacks* marched with devastating sullenness against the legions of Napoleon and built a republic, a kingdom and an empire for two of these leaders. King Henry fitted the potentialities of these mighty black warriors and peasants into molds created by his imaginative spirit and indominatable will. His realms blossomed with the splendor of natural wealth adequately developed. Remains which are conspicuous today testify to a splendor that commanded the admiration of the mightiest nations of the period and are relatively comparable to the achievements of any figure in history.

Ofttimes, we felt that probably Mr. Vandercook had allowed his admiration for Christophe to dominate his historical exactitude but we felt that this was justiable. The pageant of a race that has always been considered inferior is presented with the grandeur of an imaginative poet and the understanding of a respect born of long research and the actualities of long association. Mr. Vander-

cook's effort shows a penetrating insight into the psychology that dominates most negroes. His style shows a breath and vigor and intensity of mood which allow him to take full advantage of the value of building minute details for a final and surprisingly powerful dramatic effect.

American and French Culture. Howard Mumford Jones. University of North Carolina Press.

This book is exactly what its title describes, and yet far more. It is a study of more than culture. Many books are studies of that type. It is a study of aspects of a culture in terms of its origin. In this sense, it is a very illuminating and significant book. Its investigations into the nature of literature are not casual adventures into impressionistic prose, but profound correlations of tendencies with environments, attitudes with backgrounds. Early American literature is studied in relationship with class-groups and socio-economic philosophies. The scholarship is flawless; the analysis superb.

Contemporary European Writers. William A. Drake. John Day Co.

A collection of over a score of essays dealing with a miscellaneous parade of figures scattered over a number of nations. Odd names there are here as well as familiar. While the volume as a critical study has little value, so impressionistic and superficial are its observations and judgments, it serves a useful though minor purpose in bringing to the attention of the American public the work of such men as Mayakovsky, Georg Kaiser, Boris Pilnyak, and Carl Sternheim, who have hitherto been known in the main only to students and critics.

Diary of a Communist Schoolboy. N. Ogynov. Payson, Clark Co.

An extremely clever, human, and absorbing introduction to the Soviet Schools of today in the form of an account of the personal experiences of a single boy. There are freshness, flippancy, sharpness of wit, brilliant satire, and simple strictures of the Soviet schools, and in places even of Soviet life, which give to the volume an appeal that is, indeed, singular. In comparison with the books that have been written on Soviet education, this book succeeds precisely where they fail. It does not give facts and statistics as to the actual status of teachers and pupils or of the budget of educational expenditures; but it does give the "feel" of the actual situation as no quantitative description ever can. It communicates the atmosphere of the Russian school, and the new spirit which dominates pupil and pedagogue, as no other book has so successfully done. Its very fun lends a cogency even to its more serious parts.

Life and Private History of Emily Bronte. Romer Wilson. A. and C. Boni.

The story of the Brontes interpreted with rare understanding and intelligence. Romer Wilson has made the moors live for us as well as the Brontes in this grimly poetic study of a morbid English background and a morbid English family. There is in this setting nothing of that indescribable felicity of "hearts at peace under an English heaven." There are struggle, souls in chaos, agony, and emotional crucifixions—and the moors in the distance to make of it all a theatre of human tragedy.

Karl Marx. M. M. Bober. Harvard University Press.

A meticulously careful and comprehensive study of the work of Marx that is lacking in nothing but vigor and inspiration. It is too circumspect to be original, and too tenacious of detail to be deeply or adventurously philosophic.

Havelock Ellis. Peterson. Houghton, Mifflin.

Ellis made respectable by an appreciative friend but undaring critic. In the pages of this biography there is much of Ellis that is described and discussed which had not been common knowledge before, and in that sense the volume serves a good purpose. The real Ellis, however, it never or but rarely touched. Somehow Ellis does not live in this book. His own love-life, for instance, is avoided at every turn. In brief, here is everything that you want to know about Ellis, except the thing, the live, intense thing, that is Ellis himself.

Zola. Matthew Josephson. Macaulay Co.

A brilliant, graphic study of the intense drama that was the life of Emile Zola. While the writing is sometimes marked by Gallicisms that annoy, and disregard for clarity in sentence structure and substance, there are passages that are undoubtedly as fine as can be found in any biography of our generation. In places, indeed, there is insight that is wonderfully rich and profound, and in spots interpretations that are singularly original and illuminating. Dullness never invades its substance.

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. John Palmer. Little, Brown Co.

Clear-eyed criticism of the contemporary theatre, that is profound often in its observations and conclusions. Its treatment of Romains, Lenormand and Geraldy, is remarkably intelligent and convincing. The praise of Pitoeff is well-deserved. If *Studies in the Contemporary Theatre* lacks vitality of style, it does not lack dynamics of vision and perspective.

Epoch. Percy MacKaye. Horace Liveright.

An exhaustive and at times a little too tedious account of Steele MacKaye and the American stage. As a source-book for students interested in the theatre, the book has a value which it assuredly lacks in critical penetration and profundity.

The Gamblers and Marriage. N. Gogol. Macaulay Co.

Marriage is one of the lighter plays in the inimitable Gogol genre. A charming comedy, tending to farce, and terminating in almost a Chaplinesque manner with the protagonist leaping out of the window in order to escape the marriage in which he was about to be lassoed. A nineteenth century play with a twentieth century motivation.

The Gamblers is a trivial play of deception—with a card table instead of a woman as the center of action. Skillful in structure, clever in dialogue, it is nevertheless unmoving except in climax. It is hard to realize that the author of *A Diary of a Madman, Dead Souls,* and *Taras Bulba,* could have written such inconsequential drama.

Wide Fields. By Paul Green. McBride and Company, New York.

The "po' white trash" of the South are treated in this book of Paul Green's with a sympathetic understanding that presents them in a new and interesting light. Negroes have been the dominating topic of the majority of Southern writers. The poor whites have usually been relegated to *exposure* in only a paragraph or two in school histories.

Wide Fields is made up of a series of short stories or character sketches. The locality of most is Little Bethel, North Carolina. Many of the stories are not sweet romances of the allegorical South which exists in the mind of people in the North. Men, deeds and actions are presented as they are. The grossness of its life and the livid futility and stark hastiness of their existence are depicted in the strong, harsh language of reality. Mr. Green tailors his words to meet the dramatic intensity of actualities and the sinister onslaught of facts.

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

As a novel and the ending to the *Forsythe Saga, Swan Song* is a distinct failure. If, as it is possible, Mr. Galsworthy used it as a pretext to tell us what he thought about the General Strike, horse racing, fraudulent friends and interested relations then there are parts of the book which have a distinct value. That value is purely relative and if he had stated his purpose most of us would not have used valuable time to read it. The book does not present to have

a significance of its own. It is full of ghosts and eerie things which harp back to a past that is best forgotten. Soames has a mania for recalling a past conditioner for his every action. His beloved Fleur is saved from death at the sacrifice of his life at the close of the book but that is the only convincing proof that he really had an existence during this part of the story. She is one of the chief characters of this section of the Saga and she enters as a character whose every action has to be explained by a reminiscence.

Swan Song is merely a stereotyped commentary on events of the day and an excuse for telling the world that everything important has already happened to the Forsythes. Its only gesture is the gathering together of strands already fabricated.

Mist. Miguel Unamuno. Knopf.

A delicate, whimsical novel, rich with glamor, that is more of a light, mystical extravaganza than a work of fiction. It is so effortless in its movement that at moments it seems not to move at all. And yet it is never tedious or dull. It is always inveigling in sentiment and enchanting in description. Its characters are like people who have been painted upon a canvas in such a way that their souls are more significant than their forms. They fascinate through their pure metaphysics of personality. A kind of haunting, seductive charm pervades every page of the novel. Even the final suicide is more charming than catastrophic.

Scarlet Sister Mary. Julia Peterkin. Bobbs-Merrill.

In the same genre as *Black April* and *Green Thursday, Scarlet Sister Mary,* nevertheless, is a finer and more striking piece of work than either of its predecessors. Without the polished prose that one finds in the best passages of Du Bose Heywood—as for instance, in parts of *Mamba's Daughters*—the style of this novel is more natural, genuine, and spontaneous, it is rooted more deeply in its substance. *Scarlet Sister Mary* lives as characters in fiction sometimes live more vitally than the people we meet and know in the real world in which they actually exist.

The Wanderer. A. Fournier. Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Houghton-Mifflin.

A delicate novel in that *petit* genre into which so much rare and exquisite French fiction inevitably falls. Too fragmentary to be forceful, and too evanescent in its moments of beauty to be vivid and moving, *The Wanderer* is nonetheless a singularly unforgettable piece of work. It is like a little vase that attracts by virtue of its very smallness and exceeding simplicity of form. Somehow, though, it always seems to be a vase that is waiting for flowers to lend it color and a richer charm. Or, to change the figure, it is like exquisite violin-music played only on one string.

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